

ALICE FAYE'S UNTOLD LOVE STORY

Romantic STORIES

COMBINED WITH
RADIOLAND

JULY
..

10¢

ALICE FAYE



CONFESSIONS
OF A TRADED WIFE



The handiest daily
Beauty Exercise is DOUBLE MINT
gum. Enjoy it whenever and
wherever you want to. The result is
immediate—more life and
loveliness to your
eyes and lips.

"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy... sensitive... tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

IPANA and Massage
mean
Sparkling Teeth
and **Healthy Gums**

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. RS-75
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



When Answering Advertisements Please Mention Romantic Stories Combined With Radioland

Romantic Stories

Combined With **RADIOLAND**



CONFESSIONS OF A DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT

● She knew about the aches and pains and sorrows and sins of her employer's patients . . . this wise little doctor's assistant. She thought she knew Doctor Bob, whose heart for suffering humanity was better than his judgment. She thought she knew herself. ☞ But there came a day when she felt the strength of his arms, the rapture of his kisses . . . and forgot that he belonged to another . . . forgot to be wise. Here is a startling "behind the scenes" story that will thrill you. Read it in the

August **ROMANTIC STORIES**

Combined With *Radioland*

VOL. III

NO. 18

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Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenger member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia... noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenger pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenger in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so

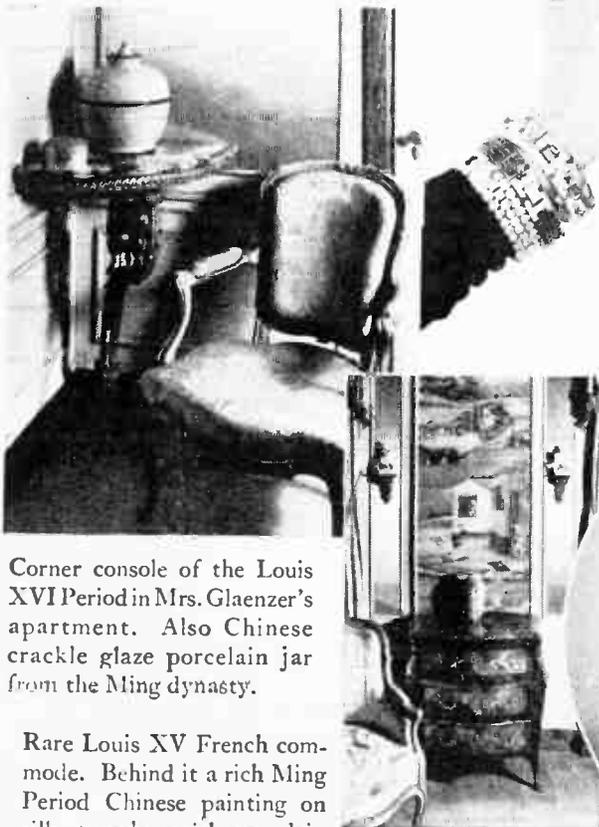
now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE



Mrs. Glaenger's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenger's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.



Rivaling Mrs. Glaenger's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.





The stars
say...
Banda-WIKIES

... IRENE WARE, former Miss America and lovely star of Universal's "Rendezvous at Midnight" ... adopts Banda-WIKIES to make her bewitching on summer sands!

As photographed, Miss Ware wears Gantner Banda-WIKIES... the silvery anchors firmly knit in... the bandana high-as-your-chin in front—in back, low as a back can be!

Totally unexpected and ultra-smart are waffle weave WIKIES trunks... gay and giddy with cord and anchor belt!

Cruiser Blue, Turquoise, Dahlia Red, Titian Brown, Dahlia Yellow & Coral, \$6.50. At smart stores everywhere. Or write, giving bust measure and weight. (Other Gantner suits \$3.95 to \$7.50. Style book upon request.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. Y
San Francisco or 1410 Broadway, New York

GANTNER KNIT TO FIT
Banda-WIKIES
GARMENT PATENTED, TRADE MARK REG.

PORT OF LONELY HEARTS

By
**SALLY
O'DAY**

Cultured bachelor. I AM a bachelor of thirty-eight, living in the country and am very lonely. Widely traveled and cultured. Would be especially pleased to hear from those interested in country life.

George, Ind.

Widow of forty. I AM a widow, forty years old, and am very fond of football, baseball and walk-a-shows. I'd like to hear from both men and women.

Lova, Ohio.

Interested in journalism. I AM a lonesome ex-navy, CCC boy of twenty-two who would love to make friends with all. I have traveled a lot since I was fourteen so now I find I have few friends close by. My greatest interest is in writing and journalism. Swimming is my favorite sport. Please write!

Brownie, Va.

Blue-eyed blonde. WONT someone please write to a poor, lonely blonde of twenty with blue eyes? I am very fond of motorcycle riding, hiking and dancing. I'd like pen pals from all over the world, but especially from the west. Please fill my mail box and make me happy.

Helen, Ohio.

They try to be gay. I THINK perhaps we are the loneliest girls in the world, but one would never guess it. We laugh, talk and play and those who know us best think we are just two happy-go-lucky girls without a thought of the future. We'd like some nice pen pals between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-six.

Kay & Ev, La.

A peppy trio. WE are a gay trio from the Windy City. One is a blonde; one a red-head; and the other is a brunette. The blonde is a medical student; the red-head is a model; and the brunette is a musician. Come on, pals, write to us.

Ginger, Curly, Toby, Ill.

Like surprises?

I AM a young man of twenty living in a lonely industrial town. I am a journalist on a small scale but at times the work grows tiresome. I would like to hear from boys and girls between seventeen and twenty-five. The first ten pals to write to me will receive a very pleasant surprise. Come on, you ink-slingers, I'm waiting for you at my mailbox.

Kent, Va.

Jewish girl. I WOULD like to have the boys and girls write to me. I am a Jewish girl of thirty-one. I like dancing and outdoor sports.

Sherm, Ohio

Ex-service man. I AM an ex-service man of thirty-nine. I have traveled a great deal. I don't dance or drink but I enjoy tennis, baseball and football. I also enjoy sight-seeing excursions. I have been enrolled with a Veteran C. C. camp for more than a year and will welcome all letters.

Ford, S. D.

Heart-broken widow. SEVEN years ago I lost my best pal and have been very lonely ever since. I like all kinds of sports but do not drink or smoke; however, I like to go out and have a good time. I'd like to hear from people around forty.

Lyn, N. J.

Has seen the world. PLEASE write to a fellow pal who likes to write as well as receive letters. I have seen the world in the Hooligan Navy, so drop me a line sometime.

Phil, Calif.

Needs encouragement. I AM past thirty. I have taught school and worked as a dental nurse. At the present time I live on a 640 acre ranch and need encouragement. I would like to correspond with people of all ages, rich or poor.

Arda, N. M.

[Continued on page 8]

ANY lonely reader wanting a pen pal may write to The Skipper of The Port of Lonely Hearts, ROMANTIC STORIES, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

ALLURING



"Lovely" . . . My Friends Told Me

"Lovelier every day" . . . I Could See for Myself

Now you, too, may have the captivating charm all girls desire. The fascinating appearance *your* friends will admire.

You have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. For glorious hair, for smooth, peach-downy arms and legs.

1. BLONDES—if your hair is darkened, faded or streaked, Marchand's used as a rinse will secretly restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

2. BRUNETTES—lighten your hair any natural shade of bloneness you desire. Or impart fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your dark hair.

3. BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—alluringly smooth arms and legs without risking "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable, blended with your skin coloring. And give you, all over, that fresh, bright clean look so admired in sophisticated, well-groomed women.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package is waiting for you at your drug store. *Start* using it.

MARCHAND'S

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest, healthiest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today. →

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... F. P. 735

Everyone looks at
your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!



Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



THE PORT OF LONELY HEARTS

[Continued from page 6]

Good-natured widow. I AM a widow of middle-age; jolly, good-natured and broadminded. I would like to correspond with people near my own age.

Pete, N. C.

Works hard. I AM a young man of twenty. I have covered practically all of the United States. I work pretty hard as I have two jobs to take care of besides going to night school. I am six feet tall, dark and not too bad looking. I like dancing. Would enjoy hearing from everyone, especially those who live in the West.

Rob, Ind.

New Yorker.

I AM a Jewish girl of twenty-four. I work in one of New York's largest stores. I like all outdoor sports, dancing and most anything that constitutes a wholesome good time. Hurry, girls and boys, write to—

Millie, N. Y.

Wants to go on the stage.

I AM a boy of eighteen and always wanted to go on the stage. I can tap dance and I like it. I also like music and singing. I go to every show I can and learn new dance steps by watching others. I'd like to hear from entertainers of either sex.

Willie, N. Y.

Plays the piano. I AM considered pretty nice-looking and am easy to get along with. I enjoy all sports and also play the piano. I am lonely and blue and want pen pals, both girls and boys, so won't someone please take pity on me and write? I am twenty-one years old.

Lec, W. Va.

Catholic pals preferred. I AM a young man of twenty-five with a sunny disposition. I like such sports as football, baseball, tennis, etc. I do not dance or go out much. I am a Roman Catholic and would like to have some Catholic pen pals.

Tony, Pa.

Cheerful steno. I AM a girl of twenty-three with a cheerful and jolly disposition. I have blonde hair and blue eyes. Just a small town girl employed as stenographer and bookkeeper. I am very fond of dancing. Will be delighted to hear from young folk everywhere and promise interesting letters.

Hope, Ohio.

A songster. I AM very fond of music and sing quite well. I have also tried writing music but didn't get it published. I am a young man of twenty and very lonesome. I'd like pen pals between sixteen and twenty-five.

Earl, Mo.

Likes baseball.

I AM a lonesome girl of twenty and would like to hear from boys and girls from all parts of the world. I like all sports, although baseball is my favorite. I am five feet, eight inches tall and weigh 145 pounds. I have blue eyes, blonde hair and dimples.

Dawn, Ohio.

Has lost faith.

I AM a widow of forty-five, pleasant and neat. I'd like to correspond with someone. I have had heart-breaking experiences which have caused me to

Bell, Ore.

lose faith in people.

An invitation. COME on, all you young people, write to me. To the first twenty-five who write to me, I'll send an invitation to spend their vacations on one of the largest ranches in the west. There are plenty of horses, good fishing, and nice places to swim. I am nearly twenty and enjoy most all sports. Please write to me.

Slim, Texas.

Young widow. I AM a widow of twenty-seven. I can always pass, as my looks are not so bad. I am very lonely. I would like to hear from anyone who likes the finer things in life, enjoys a good time and is open-minded. I promise to write interesting letters.

Eug, Ky.

RULES OF THE PORT OF LONELY HEARTS

1. Letters to pals must contain a three-cent stamp for postage and ten cents to cover clerical costs. There is no charge for publishing a letter.
 2. Addresses of pals cannot be given out. The first letter must go through the Port. After that, correspondence between pals is direct.
 3. Be sure to designate to whom your letter is to go.
 4. Please do not ask me to enter into personal correspondence with you as that is impossible.
 5. Address your letter to the Port of Lonely Hearts, Romantic Stories, 529 S. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Sincerely yours,
SALLY O'DAY.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention Romantic Stories Combined With Radioland

GLORIFY THE

Natural Beauty

OF YOUR HAIR



GLENDAFARRELL
Warner Bros.' Star In
"IN CALIENTE"



PERC WESTMORE

Nationally famous hair stylist at Warner Bros. Studios, says:— Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair should demand the protection offered by the DUART sealed package of pads.

When the operator breaks the DUART seal you *know* the pads used on your hair have never been used before.

**FREE BOOKLET
SEND COUPON**



*With the new SEALED
Permanent Wave
—just as the screen stars do!*

HAVE you ever wished that your hair could have the glorious natural beauty that gives such glamour and allure to your favorite star? Thanks to DUART, your wish can come true. You can have the same deep, soft, lustrous waves, dainty ringlets and smart attractive style of hairdress you have so often admired on the screen. For DUART WAVES, the choice of the Hollywood Stars, are available right in your own community. DUART waving pads are sealed in individual packages, for POSITIVE assurance that your hair will be waved with the same genuine DUART materials used in Hollywood. *Your* Package will be opened before your own eyes. Look for the shop that advertises DUART waves. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

Remember, it is not a DUART wave unless the pads come in the red and green SEALED package.

FREE BOOKLET

shows how to dress your hair like a
Movie Star

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed exclusively for Duart, a series of smart new star's coiffures. With this 24-page instruction booklet your hairdresser can copy them for you. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye. NOT a bleach—just a beautiful tint. Use Coupon.

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

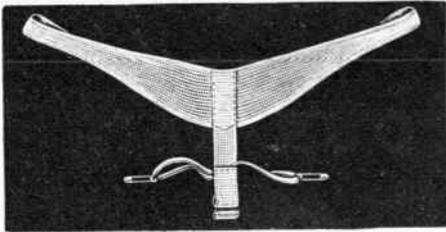


Duart, 684 Fol-som Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."
Name
Address
City.....State.....

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Titan | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titan | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> White or | <input type="checkbox"/> Light |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| | (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention Romantic Stories Combined With Radioland

Comfort...**WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST**



Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex, Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boil-proof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 W. Congress St. Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

"She Wants My Man!"



Betty Jane

Was going to be very happy and

yours with love
Jack

Katherine

so many are here and you

Mr. M. N. Bunker, handwriting expert helped this woman to save her home.

"She says that Jack loves her," writes Katherine, "and that I am too blind to see it. Must I give up the man I love?"

"A YEAR ago I would have laughed if anyone had told me that anything would happen to make a seemingly endless triangle of our love. Jack was so sincere and so true. We have gone together for more than two years when my sister Betty Jane came home from school. Naturally Jack was nice to her, but it never seemed that he was any nicer than he should be.

"Then we were married. The day of our wedding I found Betty Jane lying face down on the bed in my room. She was crying as though her heart would break, and when I urged her to tell me what was wrong she would merely shake her head. Finally she whispered that Jack could tell me. It seemed like a dash of ice cold water drenched me but—that was my wedding day. Surely Betty Jane was merely suffering from over-wrought

nerves. I pushed the memory aside, determined to forget it.

"Later, after we were settled in our own home my sister came to visit us, spending almost a month. Mother and dad had gone west and I was glad to have her. Then one morning I saw her throw her arms around my husband's neck, and hang on. It was not a sisterly hug and I determined to speak to her about it.

"But I did not get a chance. That afternoon they brought my husband home broken and crushed from a wreck. His car had torn through the guard rails and had gone tumbling over and over down an embankment. It was a miracle that he was alive.

"I could not breathe. I could not cry out, but Betty Jane screamed and tried to force herself onto the doctor—even into the room where Jack lay. She refused [Continued on page 69]



Anne Seymour AND *Don Ameche*

Here are lovely Anne Seymour and handsome Don Ameche, who thrill you in the Grand Hotel dramas broadcast over NBC. Don, who is the dream man of thousands of women, who hear his voice over the air, is married to his first sweetheart. He became interested in acting, while studying law and deserted Blackstone for the stage.

Gertrude Niesen

Gertrude Niesen, exotic siren of the CBS net-work, learned to sing from her mother. All her friends raved over her voice, so one day she decided to do something about it. She picked a booking agent out of a telephone book, told him she had had stage experience and two weeks later her name was in electric lights over the "300 Club" and she was earning a hundred dollars a week.



ENCHANTERS OF THE AIR



Frances Langford

Rudy Vallée was responsible for giving lovely little Frances Langford of the contralto voice her chance on the air. He found her singing in a small Florida station and was so impressed that he sent for her to come to New York where she landed a job at once. You've heard her, of course, over CBS.

A story of a girl's
first reckless love.



"Lee's working you to death, you poor kid," Leon said, gently. "What you need is a little fun . . . like only yours truly can give you."

LOVE SINGED

THAT day Leon Marsk, my employer's gay, wild young nephew, waylaid me in the garden to tell me I was a pretty kid, I knew I'd never be the same again. That was the first time I found out that my freckles had entirely disappeared, that my thin, gawky body had filled out into soft, feminine curves. I had been such a homely kid when Mrs. Marsk took me from the orphanage, to be her maid of all work.

I was hungry for love. My life had been so bleak, so barren . . . with love just fiction I had read about in books. I was out of his class. He ran with the summer crowd at the lake. They were like him . . . gay, dashing, sophisticated. And he was somebody or other in the investment business in New York. Oh, he was somebody and I was nobody, but I couldn't help being a little crazy about him.

He took my work-worn hands and studied them pityingly. "It's a rotten shame," he said softly. "You're doing three women's work right now. And Aunt Jessica pays you

hardly anything. Why don't you get wise, Redhead?" His lids narrowed appraisingly, a feverish glitter in his intent gaze. "You know . . . somebody ought to show you a few things. I'd like to give a pretty kid like you a break. I'd like to take you away from all this. I *could* take you away from all this—maybe?"

"W-what do you m-mean?" His boyish face flushed at my wide-eyed stare. He seemed oddly confused for a minute, then said harshly, "You're a pretty little innocent. You don't know what I mean?"

I paled under his glittering look. Tried to look away, but couldn't. "Oh!" I jerked my hands back. "I guess I get you."

He pulled himself erect, flashed me a hard, defiant glance. His passionate mouth quivered slightly, then with a cynical shrug, "It's no go, is it?" he left me staring after him bleakly.

So he'd like to take me away from all this—at a price.

And all the time I had thought he'd been attracted—in a different way! It hurt, like a physical wound, where his words had struck into my heart.

Leon didn't show up for dinner that night. He roared off to town at a reckless speed, to a dance Seena Drear was giving. And I didn't see him at breakfast, either. Probably sleeping off the effects of a hectic night! But when I went upstairs a few hours later to make up the beds, I found that his bed hadn't been slept in.

He hadn't come home at all then! Seena's lovely, sensual face flashed before my mind to torment me. Everybody knew how Jack Drear's gay young widow acted when a man struck her fancy. And she was "that way" about Leon. She's got him, landed him, like all the rest, I thought bitterly, and feeling all of a sudden a little sick, I turned to go—then stopped.

Leon stood in the doorway looking at me impudently. "Don't blab to Aunt," he begged, coming forward. "She'd have a fit if she knew."

"Oh, don't worry," I flung back scornfully. "I hardly think she'd approve of you making a night of it with Seena Drear!"

"So you think I've been playing around with Seena?" he mocked—and tumbled the clean linen out of my arms to the floor as he swept me against his hard, muscular body. "Jealous? Oh, you're lovely when you're mad! Your eyes sparkle and your red hair fairly crackles and your mouth . . . I'm going to wipe off that smug little smirk with a kiss . . . oh, hold still. . . ." His strong hands held my arms rigid against my sides. "And listen! You're wrong. Just drank myself blotto, trying to forget I loved a certain girl so damn'bad. Just a lot of good liquor wasted, because I love her more than ever."

He laughed against my protesting mouth. That kiss! Even while I was fighting it, I was thrilling to the touch of his lips. I felt a crazy impulse to respond wildly, when suddenly, Mrs. Marsk, passing through the hall, saw us!

It was terrible! Leon wasn't bothered. But the contempt in that old lady's face struck me dumb. She called me a shameless hussy. She accused me of carrying on a clandestine affair under her roof. She called me names, ugly names, and she ended her tirade by ordering me out of the house!

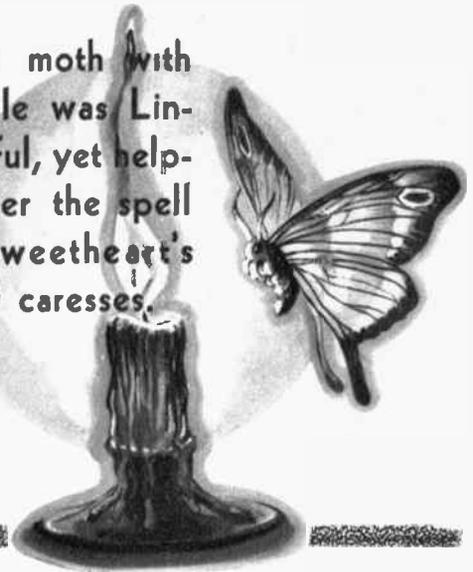
I was panic-stricken. And Leon just stood there, an odd little smile twitching the corners of his mouth, saying not a word to help me out. He let his aunt believe the worst. He had cost me my job and heaven only knew when and where I could land another. I hadn't any money saved, not much. I packed my few things with trembling hands, disgusted and bitter at Leon's cowardice, and when I saw his car parked before the gate, with Leon in it, I started to hurry past with averted face, but he got out, took my suitcase with one hand, gripped my wrist with the other.

"You're coming with me," he said, "to New York."

"Let me go!" I panted in sobbing breaths. "I hate you." And I put enough strength behind my hand to leave a flaming mark across his cheek.

THE blow hurt. I saw him wince, then his reckless mouth smiled whimsically. "Gosh, you're a spitfire. Listen, little fool, come off your high horse. Aunt Jessica would have made it hell for you even if I had told her she had got you all wrong and she had let you stay on. She believes the worst of everything, she'd think I was just being chivalrous. And maybe I am!" he laughed. "I'm taking you away from this drudgery—with no strings attached. You're going to stay with my sister until you get your bearings. A fellow wouldn't try any funny business right under his sister's nose, would he, little Redhead?"

Like the moth with the candle was Linda—fearful, yet helpless under the spell of her sweetheart's loving caresses.



"So it's a real wedding ring this time and a houseful of kids," Leon said, slowly. "Well, good luck to the two of you."

"I don't know," I flung back. "Would he if he had a sister?"

"Don't be a dunce. I'm on the level this time. Besides, you haven't any place to go." And he held open the door, with an amiable grin. Maybe it sounds sort of Svengalish, but Leon's eyes and smile could make a girl do almost anything against her better judgment. I gave in, and I was sorry I gave in every nule of that ride to New York—until I met his sister.

She had Leon's restless blue eyes and flippant manner, and was an artist, with a beautiful studio in Greenwich Village. She made me feel right at home, insisting, when Leon explained things, that I take the guest room and stay with them. Oh, she was swell and Leon was grand, and when I stammered that I was sorry about the way I'd acted, he laughingly squeezed my fingers.

"Forget it. I like 'em spunky and hard to get . . . and guess I had it coming."

"And stay hard to get," Lee put in. "If you're wise." She had been studying me intently all through dinner.

and suddenly she commanded, "Come here, child." I obeyed wonderingly and she turned me around so the light fell full on my face. "You're all there, kid," she approved. "With that auburn mop and those big brown eyes . . . I'm thinking I could use you. Care to pose for me?"

"P-pose for you?" I faltered in surprise.

"Sure thing. You're a find—with that untouched look. I suppose it's too much to hope that you'll keep it long, but let me advise you," with a significant look at her brother, "to keep men at a distance until you know what it's all about."

Leon grimaced comically behind her back and murmured, when Lee went into the kitchenette for more coffee. "That doesn't go for me, Red. I'm somebody very special."

As easy as that, I landed work. And when I wasn't posing for Lee, she found me work at other studios. Life seemed to have dropped good fortune into my lap without any struggle on my part to secure it—and love. I had been part-way in love with Leon before. And it was tragically easy to fall all the rest of the way. His flaming glances did something to my pulses . . . made them beat faster. He was so attractive, so sure of his charm . . . so sure, I think, that he held my heart in the hollow of his hand.

Lee wouldn't allow Leon in the studio when she was working, but one afternoon, while I was holding a difficult pose in a diaphanous bit of chiffon, he barged in.

He walked over and surveyed me, while my heart beat so fast it seemed as though it would suffocate me. "Lee's working you to death, you poor kid," he said gently. "What you need is a little fun—like only yours truly can give you."

His eager, appraising look sent a flush of warmth over my body. I snatched frantically at my kimona and wrapped the concealing folds about my shoulders.

He laughed teasingly. "You'd look beautiful in red flannels, but this way, Linda, you look luscious enough to eat."

"If it's fun you want," Lee cut in, "give Dolly or Jane a ring. Linda is no toy for your amusement, little boy."

"Where's the harm in giving the kid a whirl?"

"You might just get her a little dizzy," she retorted, and, to me, "I adore this brother of mine, but I'd hate to see you hurt, kid. He's been in love before and I'm afraid Leon will always be in love with some other girl every few months or so."

Leon's eyes flashed stormily. "Kind of rough on me, aren't you?" he flared. "The kid might believe you."

"Hope she does!" she flipped. "Might save her lot of grief."

He laughed. An empty sound. And made a cynical remark about going where he was [Continued on page 50]



"But, man, you've got me all wrong," Blair exploded. "I don't expect to marry her. That wasn't what I meant at all."

Confessions of a Traded Wife

They planted thrills to reap a whirlwind of tragedy. Here is a startling exposé of morals in the young married set.

RALPH'S suggestion fell like a bombshell in the sylvan quiet of our summer camping party at Lake Arrowhead.

"How about trading wives for the evening and seeing if we can't get some pep in this jaded crowd?"

For a moment nobody spoke. I, for one, was grateful for the darkness which concealed the hot flush I felt suffusing my face.

We were all sitting on the porch of Barry Williams' mountain cabin where the three couples had come for a week's outing. We had all been friends for years, and this was not our first camping trip up at the mountain lake where Barry and his beautiful wife, Zoe, owned a luxurious cabin overlooking the water. Tomorrow we would be back in our various homes in Los Angeles, and we all felt restless on this last night in the mountains. We had been sitting for a long time in silence, the boys smoking, Zoe swinging lazily in the porch swing beside Barry; Maureen and I sitting quietly on the steps, and Jack, my husband, leaning against the porch post, his pipe between his teeth. Ralph had sprung up from his chair and started pacing up and down the porch, when suddenly he had come to a halt and made his startling proposal.

"How about it, Zoe?" he asked after a moment in which no one spoke. "Let's go crash the dance at the hotel—that is, if it's okay with you, Barry."

Before Barry could answer Zoe sprang up from the swing.

"Thank heaven someone has a suggestion for something to do!" she cried, slipping her arm through Ralph's.

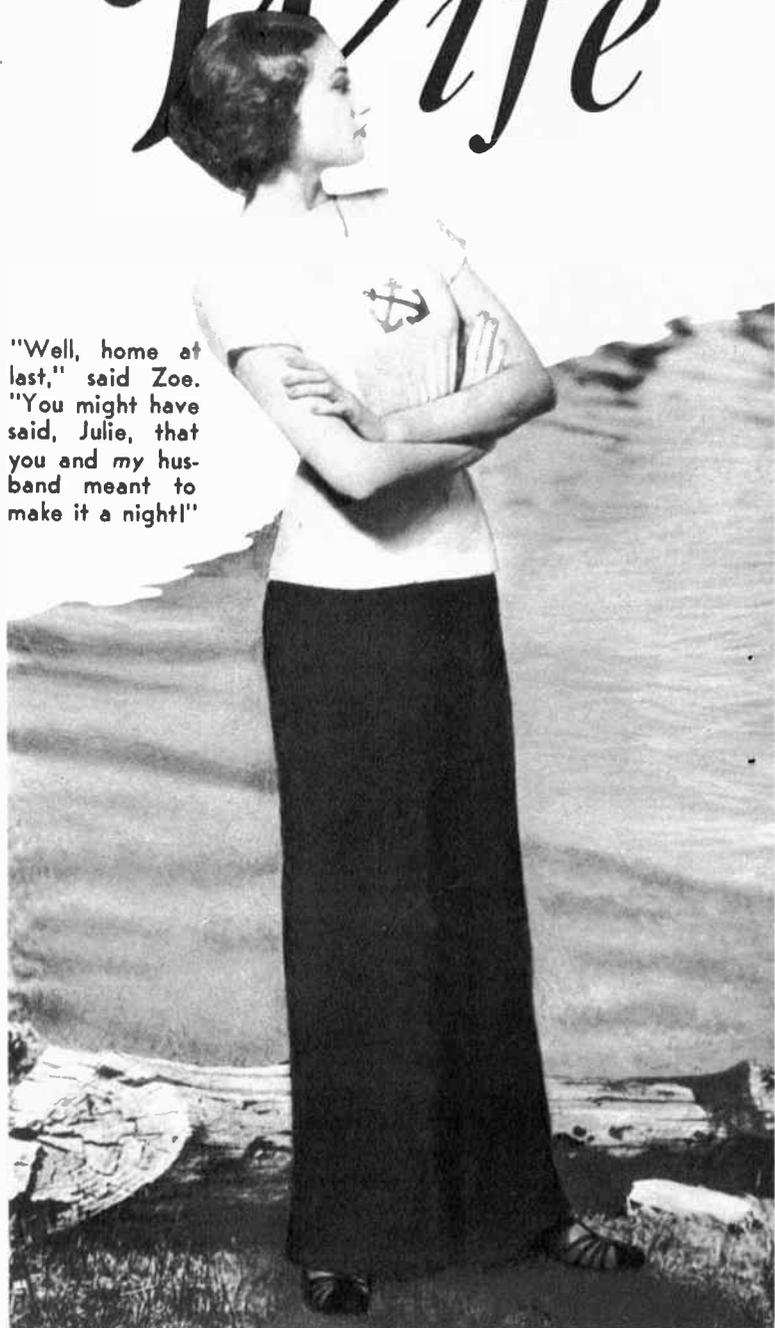
"Okay with you, Barry?" repeated Ralph.

"Of course," said Barry.

Zoe laughed delightedly. "Thanks, pal. Come along, Ralph."

Together they ran down the steps, then Ralph paused and looked up at us. He waved a careless hand.

"Well, home at last," said Zoe. "You might have said, Julie, that you and my husband meant to make it a night!"



"Choose your partners, and cheerio for a merry evening!"

A moment later we heard the slam of a car door, followed by the purr of a motor which rapidly faded out in the direction of the hotel. My heart was pounding so I could scarcely breathe. Would Barry—? And then he, too, rose from the swing and sauntered in my direction.

"Ralph's suggestion isn't a bad idea." How my pulse leaped at the sound of that voice, so familiar, so beloved, yet a voice against whose magic charm circumstances had

"Cut it out, Zoe," Barry interrupted. "You and I are all washed up. Now is a good time to tell you I want a divorce."

constrained me to steel my heart! "Shall we go for a ride around the lake, Julie? That is, of course, if Jack's agreeable."

My husband came slowly down the steps, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Perfectly. Come on, Maureen. Let's take a walk up the hill and see if we can surprise some of those little chipmunks you're so crazy about."

Maureen ran down the steps and joined him.

"But aren't they all asleep by now?" she asked gaily.

"The moon's so bright we can find 'em anyway," answered Jack, and a few moments later their voices were lost among the pine trees behind the cabin.

Barry took my arm and raised me to my feet. I couldn't speak. He, too, seemed content with silence. We went

down the steps and followed the little path between the fragrant pines, down to the private wharf where Barry's motor boat swayed gently with the movement of the water. He held my arm tightly with a firm, gentle grip that caused a wave of happiness to sweep over me. If only he might hold me so forever! If only I belonged to him! If only—! But with a gasp I broke off these thoughts that could lead only to madness.

I stepped into the boat and sat down while Barry cast off the ropes which moored it, then sprang lightly over the side and sat at the wheel. A moment later the gentle put-put of the motor broke out on the still night air, and we glided out upon the water.

There was magic in the night. Not a sign of civilization was to be seen. The shores of the big mountain lake were thickly wooded with pines which hid the many cabins of the pleasure seekers who come to vacation in that idyllic spot. The trees stood out in dark clusters against a silver sky in which the moon rode high, throwing a pathway of shimmering light across the lake.

"Shall we follow that pathway straight to the moon?" asked Barry.

I nodded, feeling that if I spoke my voice would betray the emotions that surged in my



heart, up to my throat, choking me. Barry steered the launch into the shimmering strip of silver, cutting down the motor so that we idled slowly over the water. Suddenly his hand closed on mine.

"Julie!" he whispered.

"Oh, Barry!" I could only gasp out his name. He took me in his arms and kissed me, and at the touch of his lips on mine I forgot everything—forgot that I was married to Jack, forgot that Barry was Zoe's husband, forgot that this was a moon-madness which tomorrow would be but a dream. I knew only one thing clearly, that I loved Barry with all my heart and soul, that I longed for him with a love so strong that it could no longer be stifled.

BARRY and I had been childhood sweethearts. We had grown from infancy next door to each other, our mothers girlhood chums. Together we went through high school, then he had gone east to college, at the wish of his parents. But before he went he asked me to marry him, and I, just turned seventeen, was the proudest and happiest girl in the world. Not only was Barry the handsomest boy I knew, with his dark, curly hair, snapping brown eyes and strong, sturdy body, but he had a simple, honest character, a fine mind and a consuming ambition to make his way in the world.

This last was his answer to my tearful protestation at our first parting.

"I'm going to make you proud of me, Julie," he had said.

As if I ever could have been prouder of him than I was already!

But I saw that his heart was set upon going, and realized in spite of my instinctive misgivings that he should finish his education, so I threw myself into the spirit of the plans and preparations for his departure, though in my heart I felt that I was sending him away from me forever.

And I was right. For after six years of law school Barry came home, married. Married to Zoe, a dashing, sophisticated brunette he had met in the east, the direct antithesis to myself.

I was stunned. The truth of the matter was that Zoe had fallen in love with Barry, there had been a succession of parties in which great quantities of liquor had been drunk, and Barry had come to himself with a sudden shock to find that he was legally joined to a beautiful girl whom he scarcely knew and didn't love.

I gathered that it was a shock to Barry from the manner in which he plunged into his work. He was admitted to the California bar, and before long his brilliant work had won him the reputation of being one of Los Angeles' leading attorneys.

But while Barry was all work Zoe was all play. She entertained lavishly and was always surrounded by throngs of admirers. Admittedly she was one of the best dressed and most beautiful women in this city of fashion and charm. And the gayer she grew the more silent and abstracted did Barry become. It broke my heart to see this change slowly being wrought in his sunny, song filled spirit. And, too, a deep unhappiness was born within me at the rumors which began to be circulated about Zoe, whose indiscretions with various men

must have been a bitter dose for Barry to swallow.

But before these rumors had started I, too, was married. Jack Meadows had been Barry's chum all through college, though two more opposite characters could not be imagined. Jack was the quiet, studious type, retiring and shy of nature, and a brilliant student of chemistry. Jack had followed Barry out west where he had pursued his studies and written a book on organic chemistry which had caused something of a sensation in the world of science.

Jack had been drawn to me at once and when he offered me a deep, quiet devotion which culminated in a proposal of marriage, I accepted. I knew that I would never love anyone but Barry. I told Jack gently that I did not love him, that I loved one who was now lost to me, but I did not tell him it was Barry. He insisted that his love would make up to me for that other, that he would give his life to making me happy. I admired and respected him, and so

"You can't take Bobby from me, Jack,"
I cried. "You can't be so cruel!"



we were married. A year later, Bobby, our little son was born.

With Maureen, a chum of mine, and her husband, Ralph, the three couples had struck up a friendship and often entertained each other and went out together. I found I was able to assume an attitude of easy friendliness which I persuaded myself had become genuine feeling. Yes, I had fought my battle and won; I had conquered my love for Barry.

Or so I believed. Until this fatal trip to the mountains when it was so evident to all of us that Zoe and Ralph had become infatuated with each other and my searching eyes had discovered that deep indifference in Barry so foreign to his nature and now inseparably linked with a kind of hopelessness which revived that old ache in my own heart.

And now the inevitable had happened. Here I was in his arms, his lips were upon mine, and the universe seemed

to hang suspended, hushed, before this miracle of our love.

"Julie, Julie," he whispered, "I've tried so hard—truly I have."

A sob choked me. "I know, Barry. So have I."

I clung to him. Again and again he kissed me. Oh, if only this moment might never end! Then he held me upon his breast, murmuring in my ear:

"Darling, forgive me for what I did to you."

Gently I laid a finger upon his lips. I couldn't bear to have reality thrust its hideous face into the perfection of this moment. Never had any mention been made between us of the tragic outcome of our engagement.

"Let's not talk of that," I whispered. "Let's just be happy, Barry."

We sat there in silence in a close embrace, while the moonbeams played over us. Above the put-put of the motor we heard the gentle lapping of the water against the launch, and above that the murmuring of the wind in the pines wafted out to us from shore. But not a human sound. We were in that moment the only people in all the world, and life was good because we were so terribly in love.

AND then, shattering that sylvan quiet, a torrent of words fell from Barry's lips, desperate, heart-breaking words which poured out all the unhappiness he had locked within his own soul, his remorse, his love for me. I tried to stop him, but it was like attempting to control a tidal wave which overwhelmed me and swept me off my feet, bearing me on irresistibly in the grip of its surging current.

Before I knew it I was weeping wildly. Again he seized me in his arms, begging my forgiveness but saying that he had to tell me or go mad. In such storms of emotion the destiny of the soul is forged, and Barry's and my destiny was forged that night.

He steered the launch shoreward and it ran its nose up into the soft sand. Barry sprang out and fastened the mooring rope to a stump. Then he helped me out.

Arm in arm we wandered in silence along the narrow strip of beach which stretched between the water's edge and the descending army of trees. Just being together was heaven, just feeling the touch of the other. All mental processes were stilled in the engulfing flood of happiness which filled us.

Before we had wandered far the beach converged with trees. We had to stop. Oh, how beautiful it was here in the pine groves with the murmur of the soft summer night all about [Continued on page 46]



"So you'd rob me of everything!" Jack said, slowly, his voice hard. Then, he added wearily, "I might have expected it of you, though. It's rather in keeping, I guess, with . . . with other things."

Alice Faye's

Revealing the truth about the lovely songster and Rudy Vallée, the man who helped her most in her meteoric rise to stardom.



Alice Faye and Rudy Vallée as they appeared in George White's Scandals of 1935. Rudy first heard Alice's voice on a home-made phonograph record.

Alice didn't know how good her voice was until Rudy engaged her to sing with his orchestra.

ALICE FAYE, Hollywood's most promising newcomer, is a girl with an ever-present idol enshrined in her heart. An idol who has made possible for her the quick rise from the ranks of a chorus to the desirable place she holds today as one of the most promising players in Hollywood. That one man in her life is Rudy Vallée, the crooner, whose dulcet notes chain millions of women to the radio each week.

He it is who took Alice from the chorus ranks, revealed her possibilities, which were obscure even to herself, and helped her overtake Fame.

To Rudy Vallée this twenty-year-old girl owes everything she is and every hope she holds for the future.

It has been said that eventually she will become his wife. It has been indicated that their relationship is far stronger than the one they admit—a tremendous gratitude and loyalty on her part, an overwhelming interest which any man must feel in a personality he has developed. There is a tender understanding between them, a boy and girl companionship, a platonic friendship which transcends even love.

They might and they might not be in love as a man and a woman. Certainly their comradeship has had a vast influence on her life, possibly even given her a measure for love, a rule and a rote to which every man she knows today, will know or has known, must subscribe.

They are important in each other's life and yet at the

Untold *LOVE* *STORY*



same time are a confusing factor to each other. For no matter what the years will bring—whether Alice Faye, on the road to potential screen stardom, will be able to synchronize her emotions, to pigeon-hole them properly, to segregate love from loyalty; and heart-interest from gratitude, it is unquestioned that to Rudy Vallée she will always turn as a guiding star.

Her association with him has given meaning and point and direction to her life. Her meeting with him spelled success just when she had resigned herself to long and strenuous years of climbing.

This girl's rise to fame is one of the sagas of the theatre and the night-clubs. This friendship between a man and woman has been an object of wonder, of speculation and of respect.

Alice Faye was born in one of the poorer sections of New York—the Bronx—where men struggle year in and year out to give their families even a meager sustenance. Where mothers count each penny and spend them with heart-rending caution.

Alice was born, if not to poverty, certainly to humbleness. No luxuries punctuated her early days, and even as a child she had a keen understanding of the value of money, a comprehension that for her there must necessarily be struggle if she were to achieve the material things of which she dreamed.

Her first baby steps were dancing steps and her two older brothers and mother and dad looking on her, playing with her luscious babyhood, foretold for her a career on the stage.

At four she was begging to be taken to the theatre where dancing acts were scheduled. At five she made up little dances all by herself. The family began planning and scheming for the few dollars it would take to give this little sister a chance at dancing lessons.

In due time she entered school and by no means distinguished herself in allegiance to books. Prescribed school hours were a duty—she lived only for those after-school hours when she could go to dancing school and really begin doing the things she loved. She was attending the Chester Hale School of Dancing in New York and almost before she knew anything else, she knew that for *her* happiness would only be defined if her future held dancing.

She worked ceaselessly perfecting routines, followed avidly every pirouette of her teachers, lapped up like a sponge every bit of information [Continued on page 58]



Here is the popular Alice at the Mayfair Ball, with Charles LeMaire, motion picture executive.

The poignant confession of an unwise girl who thought she could forget the man she loved . . . if she had money enough.

My Million Dollar Husband



TERRY complained as I finished dressing, "For crying out loud, Gloria—that thing again! Why not put on the gown you bought at Henley's yesterday? The bill was enough to give a man blind staggers."

"But I like this one," I objected. I felt a little light-headed at the inquiry in my husband's eyes. Suppose he asked to see it—that marvelous shimmering creation which Lana Hollis had obtained for me for half the purchase price? I'd never been a very good liar but marriage with Terrill Corday was improving me—fast. Terry believed in swank and show, the flowing bowl for your friends, plenty of food on the table, ritzy clothes—and not a penny in your purse. He couldn't understand it when I asked for an allowance.

"What the devil? My name is good for any amount of credit. Go as far as you like and when you overstep, I'll let you know." How different from what I had planned!

• If it hadn't been for Dot, I wouldn't have minded so much. Dot was my kid sister, crippled since her birth. I'd thought when I married Terry, "I can do so much for her—Palm Beach—white sand—sunshine warming her poor twisted little body." But that was beforehand, before I realized that my million dollar husband, who in the eyes of the world was such a "hell of a good fellow," was at heart niggardly and selfish. Terry resented Dot. I'd seen it in his face the first time I asked her for a visit and Dot had seen it, too—poor little Dot, wise with an uncanny insight which didn't belong to childhood.

She never came to see me after that first offense and I tried to make it up to her by running over to Halstead whenever I could slip away. Halstead was a small rural community not far from the city, but I didn't have a car of my own and Terry objected to my taking the limousine. A careless driver had smashed into me on one occasion and



"Glow, there must be some way out of this tangle," Gene whispered. "I can't—I won't give you up!"

he couldn't forget that bent front fender or the scratches on its glistening surface.

"Don't take it out again," he commanded irritably. "Women shouldn't be allowed to drive. They can't use their heads in an emergency."

It was then that I resolved to use my head—to put something over on Terry. If he wouldn't provide a way for me to see Dot, I'd find a way of my own. Dr. Eugene Bateman was interested in her case. If only he could do something!

My cheeks flushed. Odd to think of Gene as a famous surgeon—Gene who had danced attendance on me when I was a schoolgirl in my teens! He'd gone away to study and I'd heard his name from time to time, remembered him in an aching little corner of my mind. Terry's love-making had swept me off my feet but as soon as I saw Gene again,

a dreadful revulsion of feeling came over me. I'd made a mistake. I should have waited. Just the touch of Gene's hand—that clever useful hand—filled me with a sort of madness, a wild longing for the tenderness and gentleness of love instead of those spasmodic passionate outbursts of Terry's which had shocked me so dreadfully in the beginning.

The night when I wore the objectionable gown, Terry and I were throwing a party at one of the smart night clubs. I said hesitantly, "If you don't mind, I'll ask Dr. Bateman. He's been so good to Dot," and Terry, always in an expansive mood when he entertained, answered smilingly, "Sure go to it! Bateman's class. It won't hurt any to have his name down in the papers."

Gene never went in for that sort of thing but perhaps

he sensed the hidden undercurrent in my invitation, the restlessness which was driving me, for he replied after a moment, "All right, Glow. If you want me."

"Glow!" The sweet intimate little nickname he'd given me in the days gone by! He'd said then, "The name fits you, Gloria. There's a shining in your eyes, a lovely animation, as though you were standing on tiptoe and holding out your arms to life." I wondered as Terry and I slithered through the city streets, taking the corners on two wheels, what message my eyes would hold for Gene now. Would he read the pain in them—the disillusion? Would he know that my Castle in Spain had turned into an ugly fortress where I cowered and hid from fate? What would he say?



LANA HOLLIS was wearing the gown from Henley's a daring model which screamed out "sex" from every suggestive line. My husband's eyes devoured her. "Can that girl pick 'em—and how! Lana always looks like a million dollars."

I smiled at that, a bitter little grimace. Why wouldn't she—in my clothes? The clothes I couldn't afford to wear? Lana's gown had purchased a comfortable chaise-longue for Dot, a soft wool dressing robe, a set of books. I turned impulsively to Gene.

"Sit beside me, please! Oh, Gene, I need you so—"

I didn't mean to say it. My face flamed as the words came tumbling out, but Gene just said in a half whisper as he pulled back my chair, "I hope that you'll always need me, dear."

By midnight everyone but Gene and I were completely blotto. Lana was going over with the men like hot cakes and when Gene out of courtesy danced with her, a fierce wild jealousy rose in my heart.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" I asked unsteadily as he came back to me.

His answer sounded impatient.

"I wouldn't say so. I saw too many of that type in Paris. Glow, can't we get out of here for a moment? I can't breathe in this poisonous atmosphere."

Rising, I followed Gene quietly from the room. The crowd would be too tight to pay any attention. Terry, in particular, was slumped in his chair, his glazed eyes fastened on Lana's bare white throat. He'd never notice a mere wife when—when—

It came to me in a lightning flash that Lana was my husband's mistress. Unconsciously I'd sensed it for a long, long time—our separate rooms where in the beginning Terry had insisted on the closest intimacy, the nights which he spent away from me, the time when I came back to our apartment and found Lana there, flushed and self-conscious, drinking cocktails with Terry.

I clung to Gene's arm as we entered the car. We drove through town and were speeding along the highway when he exclaimed with sudden violence, "I've never forgotten, Glow. I'd like you to know that. But I couldn't tie you down to a struggling medical student. The future was so uncertain. We were both so young."

His words struck a quivering responsive chord. I put my face against his coat sleeve, while his whisper reached me faintly, a part of the summer night and the whirling stars. "Glow, would you have waited for me?"

It came over me then like a wave of sickness that this was love—and that it had come too late. My voice broke on a smothered sob.

"I've always been waiting, Gene, but until you—came back—I didn't know why. What are we going to do about it—you and I?"

Gene stopped the car beneath a fringe of trees.

"This!" he said. He swept me to his breast and his mouth found mine, a long lingering caress which burned its message deep into my soul. Desire—mad passionate longing! Even though I'd been desperately unhappy, I'd never thought of cheating on Terry, but there in the soft scented darkness with Gene's arms around me, I was afraid—afraid of myself—that treacherous weakness which caused my shaking body to cling closer—closer still.

Gene murmured against my lips, "A moment of heaven out of a lifetime. Surely we're [Continued on page 77]

The BEACH PARADE



A new star rises on the Hollywood horizon—captivating Mona Maris. She is wearing a Gantner suit.



There's a Spanish note in this Catalina suit worn by Patricia Ellis, star of *A Night at the Ritz*.



Something lovely in a Catalina—Margaret Carthew, → Warner Bros. actress.



Sailor ahoy! Phyllis Brooks (Universal) goes nautical in a Gantner "Gob."



A pretty girl and a smart bathing suit—do you know a better combination? The gal is lovely June Clayworth, Universal player and the suit — a Gantner.



Behind the scenes in a broadcasting station, one girl found fame, temptation and blinding rapturous love.



Secrets *Radio*

PART I

THE hands of the big Western Union clock above the switchboard paused at one minute to midnight. I dashed my knuckles against my burning eyes and reached forward to plug in on trunk line number one. At this hour that would be some woman calling Ted Baxter. They pursued him like a pack of furies. That was what it meant to be a handsome clean-cut young man with wavy black hair, Irish-blue eyes and a golden voice with a tender quality in it that made him seem to make love to every woman who heard him.

The plaintive voice that came over the wire wanted Ted. I said, sorry, she'd have to hold the line for a moment, that he was signing off for the night.

She said, "I'll wait." I knew it. They always waited for Ted. And did he hate it!

The big hand of the clock had slid to meet the little hand. I looked down the long corridor with its handsome deeply-piled carpeting that muffled all footsteps. It

was deserted now. The rooms of all the studios were carefully closed, but from the continuity room came the sound of shouting and laughter. There was a whole mob in there chinning and drinking. I still felt alien enough to the place to be sorry for myself, lonely and out of things.

A Western Union boy brought in a telegram for Ted. He was certainly going over big tonight I thought. I signed for it, and got up to go to him with it.

I looked into the broadcasting room and caught his



My heart beat faster as I read the message in Ted's eyes. Interest, admiration—and could it be?—love?

of a Star

eye. He had just finished his broadcast and for a moment, he stood looking into my eyes and smiling. My heart beat faster as I read the message in his eyes—interest, admiration—and could it be?—love.

The door of the continuity room burst open and the crowd poured into the corridor. Bert King, the program director, came strutting out with a glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Flora Carr, her yellow hair disarranged, clung to his arm.

"What's this? Another telegram for Ted? Well, well,

he's certainly top with the dames." He held out his glass to me. "Have a little nip, sweetheart. You look peaked?" he said.

Ted came out of the broadcasting studio. He smiled as he took the telegram and again my heart beat faster. I'd only known him a week longer than the tenure of my job with—well, we'll call it "UVFA," but, of course, that isn't the correct name of the station. If it hadn't been for Ted, I shouldn't have had the job here at all.

Bert leaned over his shoulder. "Mash note," he said and grinned.

Ted crushed the telegram and went on to the phone to pick up his call.

The whole crowd milled about the switchboard now, impervious to Ted's frowns of annoyance as he tried to talk. He was saying into the telephone, "No, I don't think I can make it . . . no, I'm sorry . . . I can't . . . not tonight. I'm going to a party."

Somebody piped up, "Party? Is somebody having a party?"

"Sure. Crane. He's going to New York for a month." "Well, I'll look in on his party."

"You aren't invited."

"I'll look in anyway."

"Do come," said Louise Tabor in her deep, resonant voice. Mrs. Tabor was head of the continuity department. "Everybody's welcome."

"You coming, Val?" This was from Bert.

"Of course, she's coming," said Ted. He was close to me now, and still smiling. "Aren't you?" he asked in a lower voice.

I lifted my eyes to his. "Shall I?" I wanted to go. I was thrilled to death about going, but I wasn't dressed for a party. Still, if somebody would drop me off at home for a minute, I could change. Mother would still be up and she'd love to have me go. I had a gorgeous black velvet evening dress, I'd been saving for just such an occasion.

Bert was saying, "Coming? Sure she's coming. I'm taking her."

"You're not," said Ted. "Haven't you got Peggy? A wife of your own, and you want my girl! Haven't I got prior rights? Didn't I give this Valentine Gordon, here, a big beautiful switchboard to play with?"

"Yes," giggled Louise, putting her hat on backwards so that it lay, grotesquely over one ear. "Didn't he give Val all those lovely little plugs and the cunning red lights, and the dear little buzzer?"

"You're tight," said Bert.

"I'm not," she said indignantly. "Tight on one measly millimeter of putrid gin?"

"Five!" somebody shouted her down. "Five measly little millimeters, please. Five! Count 'em!"

Flora Carr cut in. "Ready, Bert?" Flora was a slender, big-eyed girl who had pretty languid airs and a lovely, wistful singing voice that went over with the radio fans. She was crazy about Bert and hung around the studio all the time when she wasn't working in spite of the dirty looks Peggy, Bert's wife, was always casting her way. She seemed to take a malicious delight in flaunting her power over Bert before Peggy. But behind her back, the crowd snickered a bit. They'd seen Bert have affairs before.

"Everybody set?" asked Louise. Apparently everybody was.

The crowd was moving toward the stairs. Louise called, "I've got the Cadillac. Who wants to ride?"

"Val and I," said Ted, promptly.

"But if I go, I shall have to stop off at home and dress," I said.

"Okay," said Louise. "We don't mind." I switched off

"Congratulations to the new UVFA artist," Crane cried, adding meaningfully, "I could do a lot for a girl like you, Val. Shoot you to the top—make you a star!"



the light on the board and plugged in on the one night trunk line that was always open for calls.

CRANE WILSON, who was our host that night in a big house on the west side of the city, was the manager of UVFA Broadcasting Station. I had seen him just three times in three weeks, but already his dynamic personality had impressed itself unforgettably upon me. The first time I saw him, I thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen; the second time, that he was the most fascinating; the third, that he was the most charming.

The night of his party there were no servants in the house, but a great many people were there before us.

With Flora and Mrs. Tabor and Peggy, I took off my coat and hat in a big bedroom upstairs and came down to find that Bert and Ted already had rounded up drinks for us. Crane Wilson, sleek in his dinner clothes, came to meet us.

"Hello," he said, his lips parting in a quick smile that showed strong, white teeth. "Who's this?" His eyes ran over me quickly, and he answered his question himself. "I know. You're the girl with the smooth telephone voice. It's a pleasure to have you put a call through to me. Glad you came tonight."

He stood looking about, smiling sideways at me.

Ted and Mrs. Tabor started matching pennies in a corner to see who'd mix the next drink. Flora Carr was sitting on the grand piano, her legs draped artistically to show the greatest possible expanse of silk stocking without seeming too obvious. Three men were grouped around her, one a well-known "comic," another a popular tenor, and the third, the leader of Harry Hamlin's orchestra, but her eyes were following Peggy King, who was dancing

for once with her own husband.

Peggy was lovely in a satin sheath of an evening gown from which her white shoulders and full, lovely breasts rose with frank nakedness. And Bert seemed full of admiration for her. Bert was like that when he began to tire of a girl.

Flora's gaiety, loud for her, did not disguise the oblique glances she kept giving those two. I felt suddenly sorry for her. She was so obviously on the defensive. It must be beastly to be gone on a man, who was married.

Ten or fifteen other people, newspapermen and women, who did free-lance work for the studios, the four hostesses, among whom was Nada Burnet, the first girl I had known when I came to work at UVFA, engineers and free-lance artists, all on familiar, very familiar terms with each other, talked shop vivaciously, fondled each other, sneered at each other.

I turned dazzled eyes from the scene before us to Crane Wilson. He looked as if he understood how I felt. He pressed my arm against his side, and I didn't mind.

People had noticed us by this time. I caught fleeting changes of expression on their faces and felt conspicuous because I, probably holding the least important job of them all, was making myself obvious around the man whose



Headier than success,
Val found, are danger-
ous, forbidden kisses.

interest everyone in the studios was trying to get and hold.

TED strolled over and swung me into a dance. "Having fun?"

"Not exactly. Yet."

"No? I should think you'd be ecstatic, honey. Haven't you engaged the attentions of the great Jazbo Wilson himself?" He smiled. "Some of these dames will hand you a platter of arsenic one of these days."

I didn't like his flippancy and said so, bluntly. "I didn't engage his attention. He was just being decent because I'm a stranger in the crowd and he's a good host."

"Oh, yeah?" murmured Ted. "You've never seen that bird being indifferent, have you? Unless he's interested, he never wastes courtesy. He's probably been spying you out from his private office during the whole time you've been on the job."

"Oh, don't be silly. Why should he be interested in a switchboard operator?"

Ted lifted cynical eyebrows and gave me a sparkling glance of derision. "Darling, are you merely sub-normal, or don't you know the answer? Don't you know that you are fresh, dewy, untouched-looking, and that Crane loves to be the first to shake off the pretty dew on any flower?"

"You sound like a movie plot. You sound sub-normal yourself. If you keep this up I shan't dance with you any more."

"You'd better. You'll be a wall-flower."

"Oh, will I?"

He grinned at my indignation. "You know your value, don't you? Well, so do I. A new girl always gets a rush and you would, even if you weren't new. I see that Harry Hamlin's boys are casting hungry eyes this way. There's nobody parked on the stairs. You haven't had a drink yet. Down you go, honey. I'll be back in two shakes with a couple of gin rickeys. Mind you, don't sneak off or I'll trounce you when I next see you."

HE WAS off like a whirlwind. I couldn't help thinking that he was rather a cute thing. He had such breezy ways and such an adept manner of getting his own way. Sort of funny and sweet. We'd met in the craziest circumstances. I'd been doing substitute work on the switchboard for a big manufacturing firm in town. I'd seen him first when he had come into the offices to see a friend of his. It was raining. We left the building at the same time. He had insisted on driving me home. On the way I'd mentioned that I'd soon be out of a job, and he had told me there was an opening at the UVFA Studios. By recommending me to the assistant manager, he'd practically got the position for me when people were begging for work. I felt that I owed him a lot, and was correspondingly grateful. He seemed a perfectly swell person.

So, as the evening wore on, if I led him to think that I was extremely partial to him, it was because I really was, and because I felt that he

[Continued on page 56]

Sweethearts



Love was something to sell, Claire thought, but can any girl deal in love without tasting it herself? Complete in this issue.

patrons interested and entertained, and yet hold them aloof so that no unpleasant situations arise. Do you want to try it?"

What girl in my position wouldn't? I did, and went with Dean Howard to meet Dr. Kane.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of Dr. Scott Kane. I had thought he would be older, but I saw he could not be much over thirty-two. He was tall, upstanding, with a thick, dark mass of unruly hair, and deep blue-black eyes that seemed to glow with exciting inner fires. I think I loved him from that moment on.

He led me upstairs to a large room where there were only two musical instruments in sight, a violin and a small piano. Here I played for him, first the exquisite "Love In Bloom" and then, the difficult "Humoresque."

"You *can* play," he exclaimed. "There is genius there. And now, about this other . . . your job here. First, don't fall in love while you're here. If you feel yourself slipping don't let on. As long as you are sure of yourself, the game is yours, and remember, Claire, you must be absolutely sure, way through to the last notch, that you can't be had. I'll give you an order for a month's allowance, and I wish you to use it entirely to make yourself irresistible."

I spent the afternoon shopping. I chose a gown of silver cloth and sequins with slashes of scarlet that gave it a knowing flair. Then, for slippers and hose, an alluring negligée and wrap.

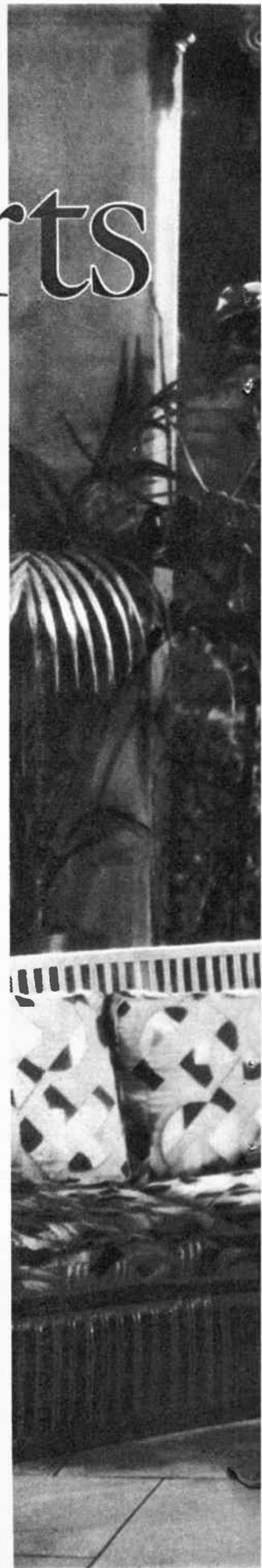
I WAS only eighteen, fresh out of school, when I went to New York in the forlorn hope of finding some sort of work to help pay for violin lessons. Before my mother died, she had convinced me that I had the flame of genius that had passed her by.

But work is hard to find, and it wasn't long before I was at the end of my money. It was then, when searching the want-ads frantically, I read the cryptic announcement: "Education in the Fine Arts, Financed."

Skeptically, I answered it. Nobody was financing anything, anymore. But I received an answer and was invited to interview Dean Howard. She was a tiny grey-haired lady, who after investigating me and my circumstances, told me of the plan by which I was to earn my violin lessons.

Doctor Scott Kane, founder of the academy, she explained, had conceived the plan of supplying evening companions for wealthy men and women, who wanted to enjoy themselves without the social obligations imposed by their own set, nor the danger of running into blackmailers or gold-diggers.

In return for my services, I was to be given violin lessons, a luxurious apartment with food served in my room whenever I wished it, and two hundred dollars a month. Out of the two hundred a month, I was to dress myself, and keep up my appearance. Dean Howard especially stressed the importance of keeping myself modern and alluring at all times. "It is also necessary," she said, "to keep your



On Call



By night, I was nearly broke, but blissfully happy.

Dr. Kane came for me that evening. His eyes glowed their approval over my dress. "Most girls couldn't quite get that effect in a thousand years," he said.

"Your first assignment," he explained, "is Terrence Burke. He's the son of a Southern tobacco king and he's been mixed up with too many women, among them one of his father's stenographers. Old Burke raised hell, disinherited the boy, and has only recently put him back in his will again. Terry needs to break loose without being allowed to break things up as he did before. He has a card to one of the clubs, tonight, and the use of the apartment upstairs for as long as you care to remain."

"As I understand it," I said, "I am to leave him whenever I wish, or stay as long as I like, and when I say quits, it's quits?"

"Exactly, or in other words, you are to conduct yourself just as you would if you were with an escort of your own choosing and you were under no obligation but to have a good time."

"I wish you were staying with me," I said, and some of my love for him got into my voice.

He flushed. "That's out!" he said emphatically, then added, "most of my girls are more awed by me—and possibly not so personal."

Terrence Burke was a tall, boyish looking young man with brown tousled hair and startled blue eyes. Dr. Kane introduced me to him and left us alone in a beautiful apartment with shaded lights.

I liked Terry at once. We had champagne in the room, after which we went to a club where a magnificent floor show was going on. Thrilled, we listened to the music, watched the dancers, and then, we were out on the floor ourselves, swaying in a glorious waltz. I felt Terry's lips on my own, and thrilled to his touch.

Back at our table again, we saw Dr. Kane. Slowly he moved to the center of the room and lifted his violin. *[Continued on page 62]*

This was where I belonged . . . here in Scott's arms, with his tender voice whispering that he loved me . . . would love me forever. Last night and Terry seemed a long way off . . . like something vague—unreal.



Mildred Tilton Holmsen (left) "minimum clothes" disciple and her friend as they sun-bathed on a Hollywood lawn.

When a society girl elopes with her mother's chauffeur — that's love, Mr. and Mrs. George Scarlett as they appeared following their honeymoon.



Gladys Swarthout, favorite NBC contralto, officiated at the opening of the new Boardwalk Bicycle Lane at Atlantic City.



Esther Sulzer, winner of Lennie Hayton's music contest, thanks him for her scholarship. Lennie is on the Lucky Strike hour.

THEY'RE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

William B. Dern, son of the Secretary of War, is shown with his bride, formerly Miss Helen McCollum, RFC worker.



Ed Shellburg, National Amateur Night winner, receives congratulations from charming Vera Van, Columbia radio star.



Betty Lou Gerson, Art Jacobsen and Joan Blaine, who play the leads in the Kleenex Company's stirring drama over NBC.



Marion King, former newspaperwoman, who admits that she stabbed her student sweetheart, John Pierce, to death with a pen-knife, following a drunken quarrel.

THE music began again, and under the soft-colored lights I went back into Vic Chamberlain's arms that had released me, it seemed, reluctantly. We danced in a dream, a mist of enchantment.

For months, I had been increasingly conscious of Vic. His bigness, his dominant masculinity, his pleasant courtesy, the easy sureness of his every word and gesture. Not a handsome man, Vic. He had faced snow and storm and scorching sun for so many hours from the cockpit of a speeding airplane that his face was lined and weather-beaten, his dark hair sun-bleached. His eyes had that narrowed, hooded, far-seeing look of the air pioneer, but when he smiled, fans of fine lines crinkled engagingly at the corners, and the first time he had opened them wide, I was surprised to discover that they were an intense, blazing blue.

The music flowed on with the heart-shaking loveliness of a dream. "Deep in my heart, dear, I have a dream of you," it whispered passionately. Tears stung in my eyes, my throat ached. My head drooped forward, and my lips brushed his arm. His arm stiffened about me. "Mind—" said his deep voice huskily in my ear, "if we go outside without finishing this?"

My eyes flashed to his face and I nodded wordlessly. His hand under my arm, he turned me toward the far end of the terrace. Lifting me gently up onto the balustrade, he spread his hands, palms down, on the cool stone on either side of me, so that he was breathlessly near, and I was helplessly imprisoned in the circle of his arms, yet not in them. My face was fully exposed in the moonlight, while his own face was in shadow.

I felt his eyes sweeping over me, and I lifted my own gaze to the silvery moon. My whole being was vibrant with expectancy, of what, I could not have said. A merciless voice in my brain repeated over again my husband's cheery words of fifteen minutes ago, "Vic, the Colonel's sent for me to come to his house. I'll be gone a couple of hours. See that Fay is looked after, will you, old fellow?"



Why We Parted

If Frank had known, could he have left me with Vic, when I had been avoiding him desperately, uselessly, for weeks? But now my hour had struck. And my soul trembled, waiting, longing, hoping, denying. . . .

"Why did you do that, Fay?" Vic asked, almost under his breath.

"Do what?" I breathed.

"Kiss my sleeve," he said inexorably.

"Oh, don't ask me. Forget it happened!" I said desperately.

"Tell me. I've got to know."

I threw my head back. Tears were in my eyes, but I spoke with a shaky pride:

"Because I'm a fool, Vic. Because I love you. Because I can't think or see or hear or feel or breathe anyone but you."

"Fay!" His hard hands closed on my arms with a grip cruelly strong.

"Oh, don't worry about it! I won't annoy you. But I suppose you had to know. How you've kept from seeing—"

"Oh, hush!" he said quickly. "Of course, I've seen. But I couldn't believe it. I didn't dare believe." His lean fingers about my wrists brought my hands up, and he plunged his face against my palms with a gesture oddly passionate and blind. "Oh, my dearest dear! I love you so!" I could feel his lips move against my palms as he spoke in a caress more stirring than a kiss.

"You love me?" I whispered incredulously.

"I'm mad about you! Insane—out of my mind!" he muttered impatiently. "Torture to dance with you, agony not to. To see you go away with Frank—see him with his arm about you, know he has the right to touch you and kiss you—God, I could kill him! And he's a brother officer, and my best friend!" He laughed wildly.

I was dumb with astonishment. He lifted his face to stare at me, his mouth set and hard. "Fay, what about Frank?" he asked wretchedly.

I made a small gesture of appeal. "Vic, I love him. I always have, I always will. He's so sweet and good and

Fay thought she could love two men at the same time and be true to both—but could any woman live up to her strange love-code?



I was alone with Vic in his room for the first time. It had a curious effect upon me. I felt that *love* awaited me here.

dear. He's such a wonderful friend, so utterly satisfying as husband and lover. I couldn't hurt him. Do you understand, Vic? God help me, I love you both. Can you understand?"

His eyes were shining. "Yes, I understand. I wouldn't have believed there were women like that—women wise enough to know how completely possible it is to love more than one person at a time, and honest enough to admit it. Fay, Fay, you break my heart!"

INSIDE the ballroom, the music slurred to a stop.

"What are we to do, Fay?" Vic asked in a whisper.

Just by a breath, I swayed closer to him. "What can we do, Vic? Carry on. That's the only thing possible."

His teeth closed hard over a curse. The music began inside, and couples drifted away. The terrace was almost deserted.

"Look here, Fay, will you come up to my apartment with me for a few minutes? We must talk this out—it's bowled me over. And I want to hold you in my arms, just this once. . . ."

I met his gaze honestly. To be held in his arms—! For just one little moment out of both our lives. My whole

being went out to fuse with his, my pulse quickened and throbbed in a new mad clamor.

"Frank?" I breathed.

"I'll have you back before he returns."

For answer I held out my hands, and he lifted me down.

As we went down the terrace steps, Ben Gardner called after us, "The dance floor is the *other* way, Fay! Where are you going with that pirate?"

"I'm going to show her an airplane. She's never seen one," Vic flung back.

"Don't trust him, Fay!" Ben warned me cheerfully.

My light laughter trailed back to him across the warm sweet night. Vic's hand tightened on my arm. "You can trust me, Fay."

"Ah, I know that, dear! I do!" I said richly.

His car was parked not far from the great metal hangars, touched with the same silver magic as the rest of the world. Vic drove as he flew—like a thunderbolt from the blue, with a serene, sure mastery and a savage power. He did not touch me, and I sat silent beside him, glorying in the rushing speed, the sweetness of the night air, the utter enchantment of the lean brown hands on the wheel, and the burned, hard, lean face above them.

He closed the door of his apartment behind us, shutting out the world, shutting us in together. Shaded lights bloomed around the great, vaulted room, whose high windows were bared to the blaze of sunlight, the softer glow of moonlight, the far twinkle of stars, the glory of sunset and dawn. A beautiful room, with a certain strong entirely masculine cleanness of line and absence of ornament. A big divan, before the fireplace, a huge grand piano, great deep clean cut chairs, a priceless Chinese rug on the floor. I had been here before with Frank but now I was alone with Vic in his room for the first time. It had a curious effect upon me. It was as though *love* awaited me here—love.

Above the fireplace was something new. I saw it instantly. A beautiful silver figure of a young girl, stretched on tiptoe. A passionate figurine, delicately lovely and exquisitely graceful.

"This is new, Vic?" I said, turning to him. He had not moved from the door. He stood silent, his eyes on me. He came now to stand beside me.

"That is my shrine. Notice the face?" he said deeply, turning the little figure in a reverent big hand until I could see the face.

I gasped. My face, idealized as a lover's eyes might see it! "Vic!"

"I had a French kid model and cast it for me from a photograph of yours I stole. I got the photograph back without your ever missing it, I think. I keep fresh flowers here always." His fingers lingered tenderly on the small, gallant shoulders, and as he released it, one brown finger slid slowly down one bare arm. And I shivered, as if his finger had touched my own warm flesh.

He turned and smiled at me, happily. But I turned away. I couldn't meet his boyish ardent eyes. Why had I let him bring me here? Reason, sanity, honor fought for Frank—my loyalty to him—my obligation as his wife.

And then, something in Vic seemed to snap, some remnant of control. He put his hand on my shoulder—he turned me to face him—his other arm came about me.

"We have just this one hour, my darling," he said, very low, very desperate. "One hour darling, out of eternity."

MY EYES, glued to Vic's face, saw a muscle twitch in one lean cheek, saw his mouth tremble once, uncontrollably. And something sweet and overwhelming and proudly submissive swept over me, and I was in his arms, giving myself in a complete surrender surpassed only by the breaking of his own control. In that wild bursting of long-pent emotion, reason and honor were not. Frank was not. Only Vic and I, alone in a whirling, strangling, mad sweet world for two.

Vic swept me up in his arms. My long skirts trailed to his knees as he carried me to the big divan, his cheek against my hair. He sat down, with me cradled close, and I felt his kisses on my mouth, my closed eyelids, my throat, my shoulders. Those sweet, hard, cruel, starved kisses! They burn my lips yet, they sear my shrinking soul still with the corroding acid of a vain regret. . . .

He caught my hand to his mouth, and Frank's rings on my finger cut cool and hard against his lips. He dropped my hand.

"Do something for me, sweet?"

"Anything," I whispered back.

"Then take off those rings. I want to forget for this little, little while that you belong to anyone but me. Fay, Fay! You should have been mine! Why did we meet too late?"

I stopped the words with my lips on his mouth. "We have this hour," I said indistinctly, working the rings off. They had never been off my finger, but now I stripped them off without a second thought and dropped them onto the coffee table.

He buried his face in my tumbled hair. "How I love you!" he whispered. "I've prayed to my little goddess to give me just a little while here alone with you. I've stood at that window and *begged* you to come, nights when I couldn't sleep for thinking of you. If you were mine—!"

And suddenly, my decision was made. Clearly, almost coldly, in a blazing white illumination, I brought his face to mine, said softly against his lips:

"I am yours, my darling. All yours . . . to do with as you will. . . ."

He uttered a choked little cry and crushed me closer, trembling, as he rose to carry me away. And I lay in his arms in the new darkness, giving him kiss for kiss, tingling with a mad new ecstasy, glorying in the fierce, starved tenderness of his possession that wrapped us both in a golden flame of wonder and delight.

I SAT again in his arms on the great divan, wrapped in a big gold Chinese robe of his.

"Sorry?" he asked, low. "You won't regret it, sweet?"

I laughed, triumphantly, lifting my lips for his kiss. "Sorry? *No!* I love you!"

He put me down, went to the great window, stood silent while minutes dragged by. When he turned to me, his burned, lined face was white and haggard with despair.

"And I'm the noble specimen your husband trusted to look after you!" he said bitterly.

"Vic!" I protested, chilled.

He came back to me, knelt beside me. Pressing my hands against his cheeks, he said swiftly, "Forgive me, darling. I want you so. It drives me crazy to think that I must take you back and see you go home with Frank. Don't ever be sorry, Fay. It's meant life and sanity to me—I adore you utterly. . . ."

We were standing at the Club bar drinking chilled grape juice when Frank came back and claimed me. "Mind if I join you?" he asked pleasantly. "You've had her all eve-

A stirring story in which wings of love and wings of the air crash together!



"Darling," he murmured. "If anything happens today—if I crash—remember that your love brought me the greatest happiness in the world. It was worth the price."

ing, Vic, while I slaved with the Colonel. It's my turn now. Thanks for squiring her."

"Yes. It's your turn now," Vic said curtly, with his swift, tired smile.

"Your rings, Fay!" Frank said suddenly. "Where are they?"

I stared at him stricken, seeing the twinkle of the stones on the little coffee table in Vic's apartment. Dear God, what should I do now—?

Vic said contritely, "What an ass I am, Fay! One of the girls found them in the wash room and gave them to me while you were dancing with Ben and I forgot to give them to you!" He dug them out of his pocket, dropped them into Frank's palm.

"Glory! I didn't know you ever took them off, Fay!"

"I never do, Frank! I suppose that's why I forgot them," I stammered, incoherent with relief that he evidently mistook. "I—I had cigarette ash under them, and I took them off—"

Frank laughed. "Well, it's all right, anyhow, honey. Don't be frightened! Thanks, Vic! You saved the day!"

My eyes met Vic's, I wet my lips before I could speak. "Sorry I was so stupid, Vic! Thanks, awfully."

His mouth twitched, set. "Sorry I forgot to return them, Fay." His response was casual. Then Frank whirled me away in a fast fox trot, and when the dance was over, Vic had disappeared.

I LAY long awake after Frank slept quietly beside me. My brain reeled when I tried to think calmly about the events of the last few hours. Vic . . . Frank . . . Vic . . . Frank. They made a singsong in my mind.

I thought briefly of divorce. Leaving Frank, and after awhile, marrying Vic. But I could not even consider it. I loved Frank, I was happy with him, he loved me devotedly. I shrank in horror from the thought of hurting him. I could have been quite as happy as Vic's wife, but I was married to Frank, and I had no shadow of excuse for leaving him.

And yet, I had been unfaithful to him. I had betrayed him, soiled his honor and my own—What would Frank say if he knew? But he must never know. It would inevitably hurt him, even though it was all finished. In fairness to Vic, I must keep it our secret.

I fell asleep at last, sorely troubled. I could not honestly regret it, but I was uneasy. Not with any sense of guilt, but with a feeling of foreboding. As if, by taking the moral code into our own hands, Vic and I had set in motion the ruthless wheels of a relentless Justice. As if, even yet, and even if Frank never knew, we must still pay . . . somehow. . . .

DAYS slid by and made weeks. I saw Vic occasionally, though never alone. Life flowed on at the Post, there were the usual parties at the Club, bridge-luncheons, teas and dinners at the officers' homes. Vic had a group for tea at the apartment, and asked me to help pour for him. This was not unusual. Betty Claypoole and Marjorie Travis and I had performed a like function many times for the bachelor officers.

My eyes went irresistibly to the fireplace where the silver lady had awaited life and love. She was gone.

Vic came to me once for a cup of tea. As he bent over me, I said softly, "That was dear of you, Vic."

His mouth twitched. "My beautiful! . . . Just guarding the shrine against sacrilege," he said, so low only I heard. And immediately he turned away, and I went on pouring tea, with hands that shook uncontrollably.

Frank said that night, "Wonder what's the matter with Vic?"

My heart stopped. "Matter? Why—is anything wrong with him?"

"Haven't you noticed how thin he's getting? Eyes look as if he hadn't slept for a week. And he flies like a maniac. No green cadet would be crazy enough to pull some of the stunts he's pulled lately."

"Maybe he's drinking too much," I tried to laugh.

Frank looked at me sharply. "Vic never drinks too much. He's too good a soldier."

I was in the Club late the next afternoon waiting for Frank, when Vic came through the lounge. Several other women were there, and he stopped to chat with us. But after a moment, he said casually, "Dance, Fay?" and when I nodded, he went to the radio and turned it to dance music. We walked together down the long room to the cleared space at the end, and there I went into Vic's arms with a feeling of coming home. And now, even though our whole world looked on, we were apparently alone and safe to talk for a moment.

"You're not well, Vic?" I asked anxiously, as we moved about the shining floor.

"Perfectly. Just not sleeping much," he said, with a haggard, swift little smile. "I wish I need never let you go, darling. Think of coming home to you at night, instead of going in alone, to dream of you and want you!"

Tears blinded me. Vic swung me about with my back to the women at the other end of the lounge. "Vic, it's impossible. You know that, don't you?" I implored. "Oh, I nearly go crazy sometimes! Why should I love you both? What sort of woman am I? I've got to play the game with Frank, and if I do, it makes you unhappy. Somebody's got to be hurt, Vic, and none of it is Frank's fault!"

"Neither is it ours," he countered swiftly. "Are we to blame because we love each other?"

"We're to blame, I suppose, for yielding to it."

"Thank God we did. I'll always have that to remember," he said deeply. "But somehow, it's made it worse, Fay. If I had never known you loved me, I'd have gone on, somehow, and never let you know. But now—when I've held you and kissed you—I feel like a yellow cur when I'm with Frank, but I hate him for possessing what I'd give my soul to have—!"

"If I'd kept still, as I should have, this would never have happened," I said bitterly. "I'm to blame—!"

"Don't say it, sweet! Don't even think it!" he said roughly. "Whatever it costs, my beautiful, it was worth it. Always remember that. An hour of Heaven. Who cares how much Hell comes after? It was worth it, Fay."

I had no presentiment then how soon those words were to be the only grain of comfort for my writhing soul. . . .

TALK at the Post these days was all of the maneuvers to be held next week. Relative merits of pilots were discussed with brutal frankness, ships were being groomed, parachutes re-packed. Frank was to be Flight Leader in formation exhibitions, Vic and Frank and Ben Gardner would wind up the show with wild, thrilling stunts in the new, fast, wicked little single-seater pursuit ships. And somehow, as the day drew near, I was oppressed by a heavy sense of foreboding, of evil. [Continued on page 70]

How She Atoned

A short short story of
a girl who made just
one mistake.

THE headlights swooped, like a probing torch, around the curve and over the bridge crossing the Oxbow. The glare caught, for a split second, the picture of a wraith-like figure poised on the bridge's railing, waxen face turned towards the softly undulating black water. A comet-like plunge down. Then the night and the water hungrily swallowed the living part of the picture.

I slammed on the brakes. The car careened wildly, missed the ditch by inches and stopped cross-wise of the road. I threw open the door, bounded to the edge of the bridge.

I looked nervously over the black water. Seconds passed. I saw nothing but the lapping waves.

Then a rift in the clouds brought a revealing flash of yellow moonlight. I began to study the water's surface, foot by foot. I saw then, in the pale glow of the moon, what looked like a white handkerchief floating down the stream. That I knew was a waxen white face.

I shed my coat, kicked off my shoes. A water-cutting eleven foot dive and I was stroking towards the spot.

I grasped the drenched dress and headed to the south. I saw that shore was nearest. Reaching the shore, I took the limp form in my arms and waded out. I put my burden on the grassy bank.

I had a feeling of numbing shock, as I looked into the still face.

It seemed impossible, incredible, that it was Gloria White I was beholding. I almost doubted my eyes.

After that second's glance, I began to put into practice what I knew about life saving. I worked feverishly. But the ghastly pallor refused to leave the white face. I knew I had done all I could. Only a doctor could help, if human help wasn't already too late.

Accelerator stepped to the floor boards, I raced for medical help. In twenty minutes I gave Gloria White over to the care of Dr. Ellis Payne at St. Esther's Hospital.

It wasn't until hours later that Dr. Payne found time for a word with me, as I waited for the verdict.

"I'm afraid," he said wearily, "your heroic effort to save a life has been in vain."

I half rose out of my chair. I had a feeling of a great weight settling over me. I had been too late! If only that flash of moonlight had come sooner!

"You mean—" I stumbled questioningly.

"Only a miracle can save her," said Dr. Payne tonelessly, turning away.



She brooded over what
people said . . . the way
they looked at her.

"Her motive—" I said, failing completely to understand.

"Whether she was suffering from a real or fancied wrong," Dr. Payne put in, "it is doubtful if it will ever be known."

"The motive must have been very real," I defended.

"It must have been," agreed the doctor. "There can be no doubting her mental condition. She comes from a fine, sturdy family." A moment's silence. Then: "I'll have to go and see if there is anything more I can do."

He turned, stalked away. Not being forbidden to do so, I followed him into the hospital room.

ON THE spotless white bed lay Gloria White, muttering weakly and incoherently. Ghostly pale, she was. Her father, Judge Ancil White, sat beside her, holding one small hand in his.

Minutes!

Then the muttering became understandable! Her meaning horribly clear.

"I had to do it . . . No rest . . . No peace . . . One mistake . . . All remember that . . . Talk about it . . . One mistake . . . One mistake . . . Just remember that . . . Just remember mistake . . . Gossip about it . . . Just remember mistake . . ."

The words trailed off, became weak and incoherent again. Then still lower. Still weaker. Trailing away. Fading, farther and farther.

Then all was quiet! Georgia's troubles were over forever.

I could only bow my head. I sensed, rather than saw, the doctor look unseeingly through the window; the jurist fold the white hand over the stilled bosom.

Haltingly, more like he was going over the event in his own mind than that he was talking for anyone else's benefit, Judge White explained what the delirious muttering meant.

"It happened three or four months ago—her 'mistake,'" he said. "Even at that, innocent enough, I guess. She went to Ferndale with some young fellow. To a dance. The car broke down, on the way back. They stayed at a small inn, all night. They got back home the next day. People got hold of it. Made it seem the worst. It got so people kind of lifted their eyebrows when they looked at her. It must have hurt a lot. She always was—sensitive."

"I guess I hurt her, too. You fear for your children—don't want them to make mistakes. I said some things . . . I wish I hadn't. I tried to make it up later. I know she forgave me." A sob shook him, but he went on.

"The gossip—people she'd known all her life and who'd loved her, began to whisper about her. Her friends stopped coming to the house. She didn't say anything, but I know she spent hours in her room, brooding over the things they said, the way they looked at her."

Dr. Payne rubbed his eyes. "The nitwits!" he exploded. "I suppose they'll be satisfied now that she has . . . atoned."

I squirmed.

"They didn't remember the good about her, at all," I said.

"They just remembered," said the judge bitterly, "that one escapade."

And an innocent, harmless escapade, it was. I know. Because I am the young man she was with that fatal night.



As a WOMAN CHOOSSES

You'll sympathize with *this* "other woman," who paid too dearly for stolen caresses.

IN THINKING it over, I realize it was quite inevitable that I should go to live with Paul and drift into that gay ephemeral half-world made up of other people like us. People of understanding and culture, sophisticates, who had chosen to defy the conventions, but who knew that they couldn't beat the game. Who were taking with impunity every ecstasy that life had to offer. But who were prepared to pay the piper when he came—galantly.

This isn't a story of my life any more than it is of Dora's. Dora was Paul's wife—a little thing, with wide blue eyes which after five years of marriage still contrived to retain that virginal untouched look. I understood the reason for that better later—when Paul and I had become sufficiently intimate to discuss it.

It was at a dinner given in Paul's honor that I met him. An important bridge in the South which he had designed had just been completed. My brother-in-law, then in the Senate, had fought bitterly against the construction of that bridge for years—some political reason—and as a result, was cordially invited to the dinner given in honor of the creator so that he could be righteously crowed over.

At the last minute, Marian, my sister, developed a sick headache. She has a gift for developing headaches at convenient moments and she had been vigorously opposed to having her husband accept that invitation. Neil could sway the Senate, but he couldn't budge my sweet sister. So he rang me up.

"I want to show them that I can take a licking standing up," he entreated over the phone. "And now Marian backs out on me—and you know Marian. Be a good egg, Lee, and come along."

"I'll go to vindicate the family," I promised with no show of enthusiasm, and regretfully laid aside a letter in which I was trying to convince a lady of recently acquired means that verandas in summer homes were not being done in old rose and gold. I wouldn't have been so obliging perhaps if I had not wanted to make some amends for refusing to live with Neil and Marian, and choosing to take an apartment with Jenny. Jenny worked for an interior decorator, as I did, and understood the charms of occasional silence. Poor Marian never was an inspiration to constructive thought.

There may be no such thing as love at first sight. But there is such a thing as the building up of an ideal and

"I've thought it over, Paul," I whispered, tremulously. "Nothing . . . nothing in the world matters but our great love for each other."

then meeting that ideal face to face. I had that happen to me when I met Paul.

He could have been the ideal lover of many a girl's dreams. Tall, lithe, well-poised, with a suggestion of hidden strength in his every movement. Hair bleached by the sun and a strong, sophisticated, brown face. Alert eyes. I loved his good humored deprecating smile when the homage of the assembled ladies became a little too strong. I loved the vigorous handshake he gave Neil when they were introduced.

It was after dinner, when Senator Blane was paying a glowing tribute to "our inspired young friend, Paul Allen," that I suddenly wondered about his wife. A pang of pure envy made me whisper to my partner:

"Which one is Mrs. Allen?"

The frustrated feeling which prompts people at times to hurt themselves caused my inquiry. I wanted to see her face, with the look of the woman who loves for her man who has achieved.

My partner, heroically concealing his irritation at the interruption, pointed out the childish little figure.

She was yawning. Months later, when I was debating fiercely with myself as to whether the rights of a wife were all-encompassing, I thought of that yawn.

THE fates seemed to be taking a hand in that evening. Neil had left instructions for his chauffeur to call for him at eleven. At eleven-ten, Neil received a message to the effect that if he expected chauffeur service that night, he would have to come down to the police station and bail Erasmus Lincoln out. He had evidently tried too hard to be on time.

Everyone laughed when Neil ruefully said he had to go to call for his chauffeur. And our host solicitously inquired whether it would be convenient for anyone to drop me at my address. That's how I met Paul—he said it would be very convenient.

During that forty-five minute ride, Paul and I discovered that we had loads of common interests—that we liked the same books and games and music and people—and each other—and that we responded to each other's touch with a strange intensity. We made this last discovery when Paul took my arm to assist me from the car. I started, and the pressure of his fingers tightened in a vice-like grip for a moment. Then he dropped my arm abruptly and we walked in silence to the door and said good night and thanks it was so nice of you and forget it it was a pleasure and good night again quite as if we had no interest in ever seeing each other after that night.

But the next week I received a beautiful carved ivory elephant with a note: "I've always wanted to buy Jumbo for someone who would like him. I know you will."

The note was not signed—but I dispatched an answer to Paul's address, thanking him. Then we had a luncheon engagement and I thrilled for a week at the memory of the momentary contact of our knees under the table. And then we went out to dinner several times at quiet places, and talked for hours over cups and cups of coffee—our mutual vice—and tried hard to pretend that we didn't at all want to touch each other.

And then, as was inevitable one night, while we were riding home in a taxi and discussing a play quite casually, our eyes met with a sudden significance, and our long denied lips found each other and clung hungrily. As we rode, clasped to-

gether, toward my apartment, the thought in our minds was—what next? For we had tried outraged nature too long, and that night must mark the end of our simple comradeship. But it be the end of everything?

Paul refused to come up with me.

"We've got to wait to discuss—everything—honey. We've got to see things through!" he insisted huskily, more as if he were pleading with himself than with me. "You're not in a condition to make decisions that will affect the rest of your life now—and I'm—well honey, perhaps I couldn't be fair to you tonight, no matter how hard I tried. Think things over—we'll have it out later."

It was a week before his call came. A week in which I thought intensely—and decided what to do.

Jenny was having dinner with her cousin the night Paul's call came, so I asked him to come up to the apartment for our talk. He rang the bell at eight promptly, and I let him in. We were both rather ill at ease. I curled up on the davenport and he sat uncomfortably on a frail silver chair and told me about his life—about his marriage—about Dora's failure to reciprocate his natural longing.

"If Dora and I were living together as man and wife, I would never ask more of you than your friendship, Lee," he told me. "But Dora and I live together like brother and sister—separate rooms and all that tripe. My union to you dearest, would be the real marriage, as much as if every judge in the country had signed the marriage certificate. Dora was intended by nature to be a virgin—but you were meant to be my mate, and I'll never be happy without you."

It's odd how little things affect our lives. If the telephone hadn't rung just at that moment—when I came back from the phone, I must have looked queer, because Paul asked: "What's the matter, Lee?"



"Jenny has just called to say that she is spending the night with her cousin." The significance of the situation struck Paul's perceptive mind at once. I noticed his face tense with expectancy—but he only said: "Well?"

"I've thought it over, Paul," I said simply. "I'm twenty-four and I've dated since I was sixteen. I've never guessed what love was like before—and I'm horribly, horribly afraid—of never knowing it—in its fullness. Nothing—nothing matters, but our great love."

He had me in his arms in that moment, and his lips were at my eyes, my lips, and my throat in long caressing abandon. As his kisses began to lose all vestige of restraint, I struggled free from his arms in momentary fear. But the reassuring, tender, possessive light in his eyes drew me back like a magnet. I could not think about anything but

When I saw Jenny's quick motion for silence at my approach, my face burned. I knew they had been discussing me and my affair with Paul.

the strength of his arms as he picked me up, until thought was lost in ecstasy.

It was almost dawn when I fell asleep in Paul's arms. It was very little later when I was awakened by the sound of splashing in the shower. Paul came in in his shirt-sleeves.

"Honey girl—are you awake?"

"Yes," I said.

He came and kissed me tenderly.

"Outside of the fact that you don't seem to have a shaving brush in your medicine chest darling, you're the most perfect woman I know," he assured me. Then sitting down on the edge of the bed and bending over me, he gazed searchingly into my eyes.

"I'm looking for regret in your eyes, Lee," he said.

"There isn't any there, Paul," I said. "I've never been happier."

THAT week we found our little apartment in the Alton Hotel—a hotel which Paul ascertained by discreet inquiry was not overly zealous about the matter of hours for visitors.

Paul wanted me to give up my work, but I demurred. I knew how quickly the finger of suspicion points to the woman "without visible means of support," and as much for my sister's sake as for my own I wanted to avoid scandal. Too, there was Paul's position to be considered.

But I found that my new life, instead of sharpening my faculties, had just the opposite effect. Often during the day when I should have been thinking about period furniture or concentrating on the

right kind of drapes I found myself wondering if Paul had gotten home all right last night, and if Dora had begun to suspect. At times I hoped she would suspect, and divorce him. Paul refused to ask her to divorce him.

"She's just a child, Lee," he said. "She has a lot of affection for me and if I said divorce to her—why, Lee, it would be like kicking a lamb in the face."

I resisted the inclination to say that Dora's face reminded me more of a French doll's than a lamb's. After all I loved Paul, and as long as I had his love in return, she could have his name, his protection, everything else but his precious love.

Then came the morning when Marian walked in on me as I was dressing for the office. She was white-faced, and furious.

"I want to know the meaning of some of the things I've heard, Lee," she said coldly. "Of course, I know they aren't true—our family simply doesn't do such things—but I'm afraid you've been careless, especially taking this apartment alone. What chance do you think Neil has of getting another term if people gossip about his sister-in-law?"

As she spoke, I saw her eyes move sharply to something on the floor. I followed them—it was Paul's slippers, big and ungainly, that he had left beside the easy chair. Walking to the closet door, she threw it open, and took in every detail of masculine robes and shirts. Then she walked out of the apartment. I hear of Marian occasionally, through diplomatic tittle-tale in the

[Continued on page 72]



before the mirror

Hair Waving Tips

By Wynne McKay

Gertrude Niesen, exotic CBS blues singer has lovely chestnut locks.



There's a tip for young girls in the simple coiffure worn by pretty Adele Harrison, popular NBC artist.

SUMMER means "Hats Off" for most of us gals . . . Life is so gay, informal and so much more chummy, somehow. And so, from Memorial Day on, we go about most of the time with our heads bare, whether the occasion be a game of tennis, a trip to the drug store for a soda, a rollicking picnic or a ride in the rumble seat of somebody's roadster . . .

So it's very important that hair should look soft, lustrous and well-groomed . . . Does yours? Take a good long look at it in bright sunlight and then answer my question honestly . . . So you found that it won't bear close inspection, did you? You discovered that what should be your "glory" is in reality your shame? You found it afflicted with deadly drabness, split ends or any of the several ills that hair is heir to? Well, in that case, let's see what we can do to recondition it as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

Even though your hair is in good condition now, it needs extra care during the summer because the danger of over-exposure to summer sun, wind and salt water must be counteracted . . . These elements, so pleasant to our senses after a long, hard winter, can do surprisingly dreadful things to normal, healthy hair.

So listen closely while I tell you how to treat your hair so it will be a beauty asset not only during "Hats Off Time" but also so that it will be in healthy condition next autumn, to complement your elegant new fall hats and frocks . . .

The first thought every woman has in connection with summer and her coiffure is—a permanent wave. Even though she manages to get through the winter without one, she never

thinks of facing summer without benefit of artificially produced waves and curly ends . . . And what a heavenly comfort a permanent wave can be! No matter how hot and damp the weather, no matter how many swims you indulge in daily, those lovely springy little curls and lustrous waves stay as perfectly as if they were natural!

Do I hear a dissenting murmur in my audience? If you have had sad experiences with permanent waves and are inclined to scoff at them, that's your fault and not the fault of permanent waving in general, Miss Dissenting Voice . . . No doubt your unpleasant experience was caused by carelessness on your part. Perhaps your hair was in dreadful condition when you got the wave—dry, brittle and lifeless . . . Or you fibbed to the operator about having used that hair restorer or bleach . . . You didn't insist on a test curl . . . Or, perhaps, you patronized a cheap, "fly-by-night" beauty shop where good waves are

Prepare for hot weather with a new permanent.

produced by luck and nothing else . . . Maybe you promptly proceeded to neglect your hair as soon as you got the wave, not bothering to give your hair regular oil treatments and daily brushing . . .

A permanent wave cannot be purchased carelessly and then forgotten. Weeks before you are to have a wave you should begin reconditioning your hair with oil treatments and increased brushing. The permanent waving process removes some of the natural oil from the hair, so if there is already a deficiency of oil before the wave is given, naturally the hair will be brittle after the wave . . . Always demand a test curl, even though the operator claims it is not necessary. This is your assurance that your hair will not be over-steamed or under-steamed, and it establishes a guide for the operator to follow in determining the strength of solution and amount of heat to be used in waving the entire head. This is especially important in the case of bleached or dyed hair or hair treated with certain tonics or scalp pomades. Unless special precautions are taken there may be a chemical reaction, between the waving solution and the tints or tonics previously used on the hair, that will result in breaking off the hair nearest the scalp.

Some beauty operators claim to give nationally advertised waves but, although they have the standard machines, they use cheap, home-made pads and solutions instead of those made especially by the manufacturer of the machine . . . Sometimes they go so far as to salvage pads used for one patron and re-use them on another's hair! Therefore it is important for you to insist [Continued on page 76]

eeny, meeny, miney, mo...



...do you choose a wave
by CHANCE?

Do you buy a permanent wave blind-fold, with nothing definite to assure you that what goes on your hair is safe and sound? Look at this photograph. Those lustrous, soft waves are not the result of guesswork. They were created with *Eugene Sachets*, the famous little wrappers that have turned out millions of wavy heads with results pleasing to both hair-dresser and *hairdressec*.

Eugene Sachets are as accurate as a prescription. Each contains the exact, measured quantity of pure waving lotion needed to make one perfect wave or curl. This wonderful lotion, *Eugeneol*, was perfected by the international corps of *Eugene* chemists, and is to be found in none but *Eugene Sachets*. It safeguards your hair and your peace of mind when you sit for a genuine *Eugene Wave*.

Be as smart when you go wave-shopping as if you were buying fashions or food. Don't let a bargain price get the best of *your* head! Let others go *eeny, meeny, miney, mo-ing* around for any old wave . . . and let them take the consequences! *Eugene Sachets* are *your* guide! Just say to your hairdresser, "I want you to use *Eugene Sachets*". . . When your friends see *your* wave, they'll tell you how right you were for insisting.



ONE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!"—a booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your *Eugene Wave* in condition. Mail a postal to *Eugene, Ltd.*, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Eugene Permanent Waves

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Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

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You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

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cookery secrets



Pies That Please

By Grace Ellis

Baked in the oven or frozen in the ice-box —it's still pie.

A BRIDE of a few months was found practically in tears, the other day. She'd discovered George down at the corner lunch counter, devouring a piece of pie—and not thirty minutes after what she'd thought was a pretty all right meal she'd served him at home.

"Of course, we didn't have pie," she reasoned. "But I'd heard that pie isn't exactly 'good for you,' and that it isn't being served so much anymore. So I just haven't made any."

"Isn't being served any more?" snorted a practical grandmother. "Pie, my dear, will still be served when you and I have long since tapped at the pearly gates. And as for its being 'good for you' . . . perhaps it isn't if it's the soggy leather-crust-ed made-with-a-lick-and-a-promise article . . . But pie, as it *should* be made, with two thin crisp crusts, wedged apart with juicy morsels of fruit, or with one fluted shell covered with creamy filling, and topped with a meringue that sighs under the fork, *that* kind of pie, has never yet paid dividends for a liver pill packer.

"It's a grand dessert. The men's favorite. And if you want to keep that nice husband of yours, you'd better get down your pie pans, roll up your sleeves, and start making an occasional pie."

Wise advice for any young cook! Not that even *good* pie is always a *good* dessert. Pie, even the best pie, belongs at the end of a light meal. And



Frances Lee Barton, who makes cooking as popular as bridge, mixes practical advice with entertainment over the NBC network Friday afternoons.

bad pie doesn't belong anywhere. It's an orphan. It shouldn't have been born.

The basis of good pie is good crust. Good crust—if of the cold-water type, requires practice to make perfect. For those who have not yet become pastry experts, I advise sticking to the hot-water type of pie crust. You have but to mix the "makings," chill in the ice-box and roll. It doesn't flake like cold-water crust. But it's always tender—always crisp. (Full directions for making hot-water pastry are given in the "Best Ever Pies" leaflet, so we shan't repeat them here.)

Perfect Cold-Water Pastry

For a cold-water crust use ¼ tea-spoon salt [Continued on page 75]



Ruby Keeler

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Her Beauty

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COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized

in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at leading stores.



*** POWDER...** Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours and hours.



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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
 Send Purple-Sun Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade.
 Also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 66-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
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COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Red <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	
City <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair a Gray, check page above and here.

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BOX OF 12
25¢

RED CROSS DRYBAK CORN PLASTER

(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

Confessions of a Traded Wife

[Continued from page 19]

us! We sat down on the ground which was strewn with fragrant pine needles. We were both trembling, yearning toward each other with all the love and longing which for so long had been denied. Again Barry took me in his arms. My own arms clasped him tight, tight, as if I could never loose them again. He kissed me, and my lips answered his. This was the reason I had been born, and let come what, may, I was Barry's, now and forever.

Then, inevitably, calm followed the storm. We lay side by side, our hands clasped, my head pillowed on his breast, and now reason began to assert itself in two minds which had been but a storm-tossed chaos of emotion. We were silent for a long time, each thinking his own thoughts. It was Barry who spoke first.

"I have known for a long time that Zoe was untrue to me. She can have no objections to a divorce, and then you and I can be married, Julie darling."

I did not answer at once. For the first time the remembrance of Jack and Bobby now rushed into my mind, assuming proportions which stunned me. What had I done to Jack, he who was so devoted to me and who loved me with all the quiet passion of his splendid soul? But if love is the finest emotion of which mankind is capable, it is also cruel and hard in its darker aspects. I loved Barry. Nothing, nothing on earth could prevent me now from joining my life to his, no thought of Jack, nor of duty, nor of pity, nor of unselfishness. And Bobby? My heart contracted as I thought of my little son.

I knew Jack was too fine a man to contest a divorce if I sincerely wished it. But would he relinquish our child to me? A vague terror seized me. I could not visualize separation from my child—this marvel of flesh and blood and spirit which would ever be a part of my own self. Could I give him up—even for Barry?

The bright, golden shafts of the sun, piercing through the pine trees, woke me. I raised on one elbow and looked at Barry, who was still sleeping, his curly hair tousled, his dear face flushed. I kissed him gently. He woke at once, lay looking up at me, and smiled.

"Then it is true," he murmured, and drawing me down upon his breast again, kissed me gently again and again.

With a happy laugh I sprang to my feet. He, too, rose, stretching and yawning. Then he glanced at the sun and looked suddenly at me.

"Our fate is sealed," he said.

I laughed and put out my hands to him. He clasped them tightly.

"Afraid?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Desperately, desperately happy, Barry."

Hand in hand we walked back along the beach to the boat, and in silence rode across the lake. In the distance we could see a figure walking toward the shore, and presently it took shape, disclosing Zoe in her bright blue slacks and white sweater, shading her eyes from the morning sun and watching our approach.

I felt that my face was paling as we drew nearer, and glanced at Barry. I was startled to see how suddenly white his had become, his lips set in a firm, hard line that frightened me.

Barry cut off the motor. The boat idled up against the shore with a gentle bump, and he leaped out, making it fast. Then he turned to give me a hand and I sprang out. He quickly stepped ahead of me as if to protect me from the approaching Zoe.

"Well, home at last," flipped Zoe, her voice quivering with anger. "You might have told me, Julie, that you and my husband meant to make a night of it."

Barry interrupted quietly. "Cut it out, Zoe. You and I are all washed up. Now is as good a time as any to tell you I want a divorce."

She laughed, and I shrank away from the terrible sound of her voice. She looked me up and down with a contempt and hatred that would have withered me had I felt even one iota of guilt. I met her eyes squarely.

"Barry and I have always loved each other, Zoe," I said.

"You could stand some make-up, my dear," she said insolently, then turned to Barry. "Ralph and Jack have been out looking for you for hours. They are on the point of having the lake dragged, but I tried to convince them that such a step was entirely unnecessary."

IN SILENCE we climbed the slope toward the cabin. The shade of the pine trees fell upon us with a sudden chill.

Maureen, heavy eyed from lack of



Something to Make for Him

OLD-FASHIONED JELLY ROLL

- 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
- 3/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup of sugar
- 1 cup jelly (any flavor)

Sift flour, once. Combine baking powder, salt and eggs in a bowl. Place over a smaller bowl of hot water and beat with an egg beater, adding sugar gradually until the mixture becomes thick and light colored. Remove bowl from hot water and fold in flour and vanilla. Turn into a shallow greased pan (10 by 15 inches is a good size) lined with greased paper, and bake thirteen minutes in a hot oven. Remove from oven, quickly cut off crisp edges of cake, turn at once onto a cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper and spread with jelly. Roll quickly. Wrap in cloth and allow to cool before slicing into half inch rounds.

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—revealing Sally Rand in her true colors.

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MUM

THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

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We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just his name and address on the coupon below—not yours.



Will he be grateful?
He'll be looking for
someone to thank!

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Address

sleep, came out on the porch and looked at us curiously, furtively. Suddenly Zoe's shout shattered the stillness, causing me to jump.

"Jack! Jack! Here they are!"

I saw my husband coming toward us through the trees, his face chalky white, his eyes sunken. He broke into a run as soon as he saw us, then when he reached the cabin he stopped short and stared at us. Relief was the first emotion visible on his face, followed in quick succession by fear, doubt, then conviction—and despair. My own eyes dropped before the anguish in his.

For a moment nobody spoke. Then Ralph came around from the back of the cabin and stared at us curiously. We just stood there. It was Ralph who finally took the initiative, sprang up the porch steps, and seized Maureen's arms.

"Come on, honey, let's start packing." The door banged behind them.

With trembling fingers Jack took his pipe from his pocket and filled it. Zoe sat down on the steps, throwing her dark head back against the post but keeping her eyes fastened upon Barry and me—snake's eyes.

"Well, that's that, I guess," said Jack hollowly.

Involuntarily I took a step toward him, but Barry was before me.

"It sounds pretty trite to ask you to forgive us, old man," he said quietly. "But Julie and I have loved each other ever since we were kids."

Jack looked at me. Tears sprang to my eyes.

"Yes, Jack," I whispered. "It was Barry."

He struck a match and lighted his pipe. I grasped his arm.

"Will you release me, Jack?"

He drew deeply on his pipe and expelled a cloud of smoke. Then he patted my hand.

"Of course, dear."

A sob choked me. "Forgive me!"

"Forgive us both," added Barry. "And believe us, old man, it is something neither one of us could help, something bigger than both of us."

"I understand," said Jack. He lifted his eyes for a moment to Barry's face, then turned and mounted the porch steps. His hand on the door, he paused and looked down upon us.

"Your happiness means more to me than anything in the world, Julie—except Bobby. He and I will go back east and pull along together."

My eyes closed. The world seemed to be crashing about me. As if from far away I heard the door shut, felt Barry's strong arm around me, steadying me. My eyes flew open in madness and terror. They met Zoe's eyes. She was laughing.

I can't remember anything of that ride back to town, down, down the interminable winding road, except the pine trees

shooting past, one after another, growing fewer and smaller, giving place to dry brush and dusty shrubs and low, parched hills. Neither Jack nor I spoke a word.

We turned in at the driveway of our home and while Jack was putting the car away I went into the house.

Bobby, just home from Sunday school, was standing in the kitchen with Mrs. Taylor, our housekeeper, a piece of gingerbread clutched firmly in one little hand. I rushed to him and strained him to my breast. He looked up at me happily.

"Did you have a good time, Mommie? Gee, Sunday school was swell today. We heard all about how David, just a little fellow, too, killed a great big giant with a stone. Do you know about that, Mommie?"

I knelt and caught him in my arms.

"What are you crying for, Mommie? Didn't you have a good time up in the mountains?"

I brushed my tears away and covered his little face with kisses.

"Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!"

I crushed him in my arms. Mine! My child! A part of me! Then over his curly head I saw Jack standing in the doorway, looking at us. His face was bloodless but calm.

"You can't take Bobby from me, Jack!" I gasped, anguish tearing my heart. "He's my baby, too. You can't be so cruel!"

Then I saw a new Jack, one who was a complete stranger to me. His face was set in cold, hard lines that chilled my blood.

"So you'd rob me of everything!" Jack said, slowly, his voice hard. Then, he added wearily, "I might have expected it of you, though. It's rather in keeping, I guess, with . . . with other things."

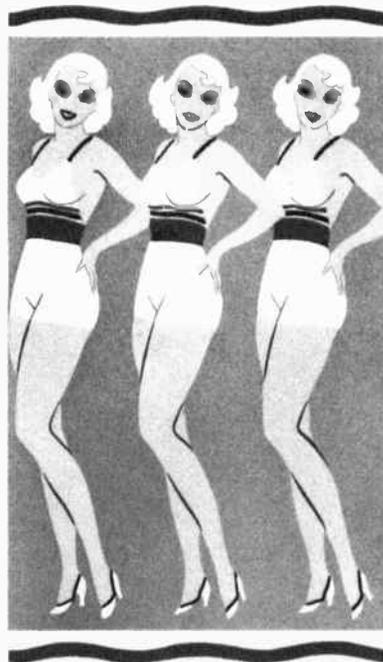
In that moment I knew that Jack would fight to the end for Bobby, and a new feeling was born in my own heart, a savage, maternal determination to keep my child no matter what happened.

THOSE next ghastly months were a nightmare which will leave their scars upon my life forever. I removed to a little apartment with Bobby where Barry's gentle voice and rock-like

strength were my only comfort in a world which had so suddenly become my bitter enemy. My baby's constant questions as to when he was going to see his daddy again wrung my heart, and try as I would I could not make his childish mind understand.

When I refused to relinquish Bobby to him, Jack sued me for divorce and asked for custody of our child. If ever a human being suffered public crucifixion it was I during those heartbreaking hours of examination and cross-examination on the witness stand.

At last the weary weeks in court came to an end. Zoe was satisfied with a divorce and a handsome settlement, but



I had yet to learn the judge's decision as to Bobby's disposal. When he had gently questioned the child as to which parent he desired to live with, Bobby had burst into tears, protesting:

"I want to live with both my mommie and my daddy!"

Nor could repeated questionings exact any preference. Now my heart was torn with anguish as I watched my little boy struggling manfully there in the judge's chambers with a problem that was too staggering for his childish brain! Jack, white-faced, motionless, hard as granite, sat with his eyes fixed upon Bobby. He did not glance at me.

"This is one of the most difficult decisions that I have ever had to make, Mrs. Meadows, in a long career of puzzling cases. I feel that it is the right of every child to be with its mother," the judge said at last.

A warm tide surged into my heart. I grasped the back of the chair.

"Nevertheless," the judge went on in his kindly, fatherly voice, "the circumstances in this case compel me to take special cognizance of the father's position. He is devoted to Bobby who returns this affection. Take Bobby from him, and what has he left? Nothing. And taking all these things into consideration, I have decided to award custody of the child to his father."

The blood ebbed from my heart. The room spun round me.

Blindly I stumbled into the next room. Jack was standing by the window with Bobby in his arms. He turned as I entered and saw his arms tighten round Bobby.

"Let me—just let me kiss him good-bye," I whispered.

Without a word Jack handed Bobby over to me. I strained him to my heart. I kissed his face, his neck, his soft, golden curls. Wildly I pressed his little hand to my cheek. Then, unable to bear it any longer, I gave him back to his father and ran from the room.

I NO longer had any wish to live. I lay in bed in my little apartment, just staring out of the window. How many days, weeks, months, I lay there thus I will never know. But slowly, slowly life flowed back into me.

At last I was up and around again, and those long hours alone I had plenty of time to think. Slowly, reluctantly, I was brought to the decision that the judge's verdict had been right and just, from a humanitarian viewpoint, if not from a personal one.

Had I not chosen my love above my child? Was it not, because of this choice, the most precious thing in life to me?

After we were married we went abroad and spent a year wandering across Europe. The understanding between us seemed to broaden and expand with each passing day. And then we sailed for home to await the birth of our child.

No one could ever take Bobby's place in my heart, but Linda, the child of our love, with her snapping black eyes, her crisp curls and her sunny nature dulled the edge of the old wound which is the only shadow on our happiness.

Sometimes I receive a letter from Bobby who is in high school now. When he finishes school, he tells me, he is coming to visit me. He and his dad are the best of pals and go on wonderful week-end jaunts, camping and fishing.

Barry comes to bend above me and kiss my cheek. I fold the letter, smiling up at him tenderly through my tears.

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LEAVE IT TO ME. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.



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Come on over
and have lunch
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I BET YOUR SOAP LEAVES DIRT BEHIND—THAT'S WHAT GIVES CLOTHES THAT TATTLE-TALE GRAY LOOK.



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Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

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SCREEN stars must have hair that glows and glistens—pliable hair that will withstand dressing two and three times a day—hair that is easily managed and waves that stay set longer—and they find that Mar-o-Oil is the one *All-Purpose* shampoo that will fulfill all these exacting demands. This amazing new soapless olive oil cleanser also rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness—*does not lather*—needs no soap—yet washes out with a *single rinse of clear warm water*.

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Top: Human hair washed with ordinary soap and magnified 200 times... Note scaly particles or foreign matter remaining.



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Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin, to cover cost of handling and mailing).

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Love Singed

[Continued from page 15]

wanted. I bit back my disappointment as he slumped out. Lee was sweet and all that. But I could take care of myself. Maybe he'd fallen for a lot of girls before. But if he loved me... well, I'd take the risk.

I returned a few evenings later and found Leon wandering restlessly about the apartment. An old schoolmate had dropped in and taken Lee out to dinner, he told me, and caught up my hands with a feverish, excited gesture.

"When the cat's away, the mice will play... No disrespect meant to Sis, but..." A devil-may-care light burned in his eyes. "I've just 'gotta' have a date with you, Red. So put on some glad rags, because you're stepping out with yours truly tonight."

His excitement transmitted itself to me. It was lucky, I thought, as I feverishly made myself lovely for him that night, that my new outfit included a shimmering white evening gown.

LEON didn't overlook a single trick (and he knew them all) of making me feel very special, what with orchids to pin at my shoulder, and his ardent attentions. Oh, I can see it yet... that glittering, high-ceilinged ballroom... and Leon and I... dancing to a haunting melody that seemed to come straight from heaven.

"Your hair," he murmured, "is a flaming aureole around your angel face, sweet, and your eyes are shining brown stars, and... and..." His husky voice trembled. "Your mouth... oh, Beautiful, I'd like to burn it on my heart forever."

I tilted my face impudently. "Go on. You thrill me when you say things like that." And I rested my cheek lightly against his quivering mouth a fleeting second... then, laughing mockingly, before he could snatch a kiss, I thrust my head back.

He flushed darkly, blurted out savagely, "You don't care what you do to me, do you, Linda?"

"You started it," I reminded him. "You invited... being teased."

"Don't you know it's dangerous to tease the animals, sometimes?"

I laughed. "Oh, but you're a polished gentleman, Leon!"

A wild, reckless light glinted in his eyes. His arm trembled as it held me close. "Gentleman be hanged! A man must be civilized in public, but... tempted, he's privileged to go primitive... Don't tempt me too far, Linda!"

I laughed lightly, and a cynical look froze the gaiety in his face. He seemed all at once to lose interest in the dance. Back at our table, to my disappointment, he paid the check and said brusquely, "It's way past your bed time, infant. Time for your beauty sleep."

And back at the apartment, after unlocking the door and switching on the lights in the living room. "Just stopping

by for a few things," he said tersely. "I'm spending the next few days at the club. I lied to you, Linda." A white line rimmed his mouth as he forced himself to admit, "Lee is in Boston. An important commission she had to see a publisher about. She'll be gone a week. She put me on my honor to go to the club and leave you alone... and I'm feeling low. It's the first time I've ever broken my word to her. I was afraid to tell you before, afraid you'd send me away."

Time stood still. The world stood still. My heart stood still. While I looked at him with searching, aching eyes. And he returned my gaze with a bleak half-smile. "Why... then why are you telling me this—now?" I asked unsteadily.

He took a deep, shuddering breath, winced, as though the effort hurt him.

"You're so sweet... don't know what it's all about. I... was thinking it would be lovely if you and I..." His eyes looked away miserably. "I must have been mad to even hope that... oh, forget it!" he shrugged.

My heart started to beat again—very fast, as I asked, low, "Do you mean that... that you love me?"

I thrust my hands into his in my eagerness. It was

like contacting a live wire. His fingers tightened convulsively. His lips came down on mine—savage, demanding kisses that made my heart feel like it was going to pop right out of my chest.

"Doesn't take a Philadelphia lawyer to dope out I'm crazy in love with you, does it?" he demanded roughly. "That's why I... can't stay here... alone with you. I'm only human and you're lovely and somehow you seem made for me."

His blue eyes were twin flames burning in his pale face. They touched fire to something in my breast. Suddenly... all at once, feeling strange and trembling, I was clinging to him, murmuring ardently, "Oh, Leon... it seems... as though you were made for me too!"

His shaking hands gripped my shoulders. "Linda! Don't say that! If... if you don't mean you want me to stay," he implored.

I trembled against his pounding heart, then the sweet, heady urge to love—and be loved—swept me away, and with all the tempestuous abandon a girl gives the lover of her dreams, I pressed my eager lips to his... in complete surrender.

It's an old tragic story, the story that Leon and I lived for five delirious months.

We moved into a cozy little apartment further uptown, and—what irony!—found ourselves in the midst of a nice, conservative group of young married people. Strangely enough, Madge and Tom Foster and Tom's brother Blair, who lived with them in the apartment across the hall, became our constant companions.

READ
Why the
Jolson-Keeler
Romance
Will Last
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ROMANTIC
STORIES



OH, IT began to rub, after a while . . . that we weren't one of them. But Leon had power to sway me to his wishes. And I never let on that I was bothered. But when Madge happily confessed to me her approaching motherhood, my heart was wrenched with longing, rebellion. Love with sweet rapture . . . but a baby would make our love precious, complete.

I think I lost caste in Leon's young eyes that day I dared confess my desire for a baby. He jerked out scornfully, "A baby! Well, I'll be—! If that ever happens, it would be a scandal!"

Even in Paradise, there had been something to spoil it all, I thought painfully, and blinked back the tears. His babies and mine . . . never to be born and all because we hadn't given them the right to come into the world!

And maybe it was that which tore the tinsel trappings from our romance, for me. It spoiled things between the Fosters and us. They were putting ideas in my head, Leon said. And he wouldn't have it. First thing he knew I'd be wanting all the old-fashioned trimmings . . . marriage, a sermon preached over us. Not for him. "You've got to travel *my* way, or not at all, baby," he said arrogantly. We'd sort of dropped the old gang, now he took up with them recklessly again. "They're our kind," he said defiantly.

Our kind! Cheap sensation seekers and wastrels . . . with their cheap affairs . . . Oh, Leon was too fine, under his high-handed way of breaking things to his liking, to be tarred with the same brush, I thought. I still *believed* in him, you see . . . but life has a cruel way of making mock of love and blind trust. . . .

I was lunching at a popular coffee shop near Leon's offices, one noon hour, when Blair Foster took the stool next to mine at the counter. He was asking why Leon and I didn't drop in any more when he exclaimed suddenly, "By jove, there's your husband now!"

To this day, I can feel the heart-sickness that came over me, as I saw Seena Drear clinging possessively to Leon's arm, too absorbed in each other, as they passed on toward the tables in the rear, to see me.

Blair touched my arm gently. "Please don't look like that. Perhaps it isn't as bad as you think."

The pity in his distressed eyes was more than I could bear. I forced a careless laugh. "Oh, it's of no consequence!" And I walked blindly out of the place.

Of no consequence! Oh, if that were only so! If only the girl weren't Seena, Leon's old flame . . .

That evening Leon went to great pains to explain to me that the club was giving a stag party, that he was obliged to attend, and we must call off our date for a show that night. Oh, I didn't need the platinum vanity case I found in his pocket, as I put his tuxedo away the next morning, to know he had lied to me!

I laid the glittering trinket beside his plate at breakfast with a caustic, "Seena might need this. Girls sometimes want to make up their faces after they've been kissed a lot."

He flushed guiltily, stammered, "Seena? How . . . how did you . . ."

I laughed shortly. "Saw you at lunch yesterday. So I put two and two together."

Looking hot and bothered, he mumbled, "Quite a Sherlock Holmes, aren't you? How did you find out?"

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without

irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

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NATURAL (Flesh)
 BEIGE
 RACHEL
 RACHEL
 (Extra Dark)



"One's sins are usually found out in time," I said icily.

"Sins . . . oh, Lord, these suspicious, jealous women! Let another woman threaten your preserves and you're ready to yelp 'murder' before you're scratched!" he raged, and sprang to his feet with a sullen scowl.

"I suppose the fact that you deliberately lied to me, that you've probably kissed her . . . made love to her . . . isn't supposed to matter?" I shrieked. He was silent. And I plunged on tearfully, because his silence implied so much. "Lee said you were always in love with some other girl every few months or so. And you've loved me five months. Time for a change . . . is that it?"

I saw the muscles in his young face contract, then a mocking smile twisted his lips. "Nice of you to drag my past sins in by the heels!" he grated. "Well, maybe there's something in it. When a woman gets to thinking she owns a man . . . he needs a change, don't you think?" And he made a grab for his hat and stormed out.

I COULDN'T believe it! That's all that kept me from going crazy with fear, with jealousy. This wild outburst of his, this interest in Seena was just a passing phase, I thought frantically, as I went to work that day. I'd kept on with my posing, thinking pitifully that in not letting Leon *keep* me, I was keeping my self-respect.

It was past six when I returned. Leon was already home. At least, the door was unlocked and the lights were blazing in the bedroom. My thoughts were a confused jumble. Would he be sorry? Or would that black, rebellious mood still be riding him?

"Oh, Leon . . . that you, darling?" a voice trilled, and a vision in frothy lace appeared breathlessly in the bedroom door.

I was stricken dumb for a minute. My eyes refusing to believe what they saw. Seena . . . here! And in a flimsy negligee through which I glimpsed her slim, curving body.

Seena recovered her shocked amazement with an insolent laugh.

"I suppose you're Leon's current lady love? I must say, he might have told me!"

I fought back a violent impulse to strike the ugly sneer from her scarlet lips. "How . . . did you get in?" My voice sounded thick and unnatural in my ears. "Leon . . . he brought you?"

"No." She shrugged. "I let myself in. Leon gave me the key."

There aren't words to express the agony that twisted my heart . . . then. Drunk or sober, Leon had given her the key to our apartment. He wanted her.

I tasted blood on my lip. I wiped it carefully away. I was seething inside, but I made myself say evenly, "So that's the lay of things! He has a perfect right, I suppose, to take unto himself another . . . sweetheart. So . . . if you've come to see him tonight, don't let me intrude. I'll leave him a note, explaining I'm spending the evening at his sister's."

Oh, I sounded calm . . . but it was pride! I was too proud to let Leon know I knew he was being untrue to me. Too proud to reveal to this girl's gloating eyes that I was smashed to bits inside.

I groped blindly for the door. My self-control was cracking around the edges as I shut her mocking face out of my sight. I wasn't aware that Blair Foster had opened the door across the way, until he spoke solicitously.

"Why, Linda, you're crying! What is wrong?"

My face worked. "It . . . it's that woman! Leon is . . . oh, Blair!" I pressed my face against his shoulder and cried weakly.

He drew me inside and shut the door and sat down with me on his knees. But I struggled feebly. "Oh . . . I'm just silly. I won't keep you . . ." For he was looking rather nice in evening clothes. He had been going out.

He pressed me closer against his breast.

"What does a silly dance matter when beauty is in distress?" he said gently. "Madge and Tom are out. We're alone. Like to tell me things?"

My mouth quivered. "I . . . I can't talk about it now, Blair."

He pushed my chin up and looked into my eyes. "You've only got one heart, little girl. Mustn't let a fickle husband bust it up. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." He laughed lightly. "I'm not aiming to lead you astray, only . . . why can't we have a little fun in a perfectly nice way?"

I BLINKED back the tears and looked at him slowly. Funny, I hadn't noticed before how attractive he was with his fair, smooth hair and tiny blond mustache. And he thought I was a lonely, neglected wife!

"Why not?" I murmured recklessly and was surprised when he bent his head and kissed me, then pleased because I felt so blue and the tears were coming fast again. I let him cuddle me in his arms and kiss me as often as he liked, which was quite a lot, perfectly nice kisses that soothed my tempestuous emotions.

After a while, I heard the door across the way slam, and I knew that Leon was home. Suddenly, I couldn't stand being under the same roof that sheltered him and his new love. I jumped up and



GIPSY MARGA SAYS—

If you dream that you are being neglected, it means that you will have a new admirer, one who will shower attentions upon you.

It is bad luck to dream of newspapers. It means trouble and scandal in connection with yourself or your family, unless every precaution is taken to avoid it.

It is good luck to dream of gloves.

To dream of falling from a great height, means that money, and success in love will be yours, if you keep yourself attractive and watch your health.

To see a house in your dreams means a happy marriage if the house is a new one. If the house is tumbling down, it means that you have much unhappiness before you, but that courage will carry you through to a brilliant future.

begged Blair to take me somewhere, anywhere, and he did, although to this day, I don't know where we went or what we did or said that night.

I was trembling with dread as I let myself into the apartment three hours later. Would she still be there to mock me?

Leon was there . . . alone. Smoking a cigarette and glowering over a book, but he flung it down with a black scowl. "Where have you been?" He bit the words off savagely.

I pretended surprise. "Why . . . didn't you get my note?"

A muscle twitched in his jaw. "I . . . got your note."

He flashed me a queer look, and my pulses throbbed nervously. Did he suspect that I had returned and found Seena awaiting him? Was he afraid I knew? I forced myself to be casual. "Well . . . that explained where I went. Were you lonesome for me?"

He flushed painfully, and said, his eyes not meeting mine, "Of course I missed you."

Of course . . . he had missed me! My lip curled as I went into the bedroom. And I was thankful that night that he did not force me to refuse his caresses. I could not have gone to his arms, knowing that they had so recently held Seena. I choked back the sobs that were aching in my throat. Oh, I saw the handwriting on the wall, writing finis to what once had been beautiful. Leon! All his ardent promises of eternal love! I couldn't stand it!

He left me strictly alone after that, spending his evenings away, and I knew, of course, with whom. But for every moment he spent with Seena, I was with Blair.

I was beginning to understand then why lonely, neglected wives turn to men who "understand" them.

And Blair, by the way, wasn't so cold as his cool manner had once led me to believe. When he touched me, his slender hands trembled, when he kissed me, his eyes were excited, but he always treated me with perfect respect. He was the sort of man every mother wants her daughter to marry, I thought. Thirty-five, just a nice age. How he had escaped matrimony was a mystery which he explained one day.

"I've never met a girl I wanted quite so badly as you, Linda," he said moodily. "And it's just my luck that you should belong to another man. Dearest, isn't there some way out? Surely you're entitled to a divorce after the rotten way Leon has treated you. Oh, darling, I love you. If only you could marry me!"

I was trembling, as he spoke, because, like a flash, the thought struck me: This was a way out to save my pride, break off my affair with Leon without letting him know he'd broken my heart into a million pieces, without giving him the chance to fling me aside like a toy he had tired of. It wouldn't be hard . . . caring for Blair. He was witty, charming, and kind. And oh, I needed kindness and security. Ecstasy . . . passion . . . ah, they had been sweet, carrying me to heaven on magic wings and then . . . plunging me into hell. Leon had given me much, but he had taken away from me more than he had given. And he had betrayed me for a cheap, common creature who was every man's property.

If I played fair with Blair after marriage, why should I disillusion him? I'd fix it somehow so he'd never know the

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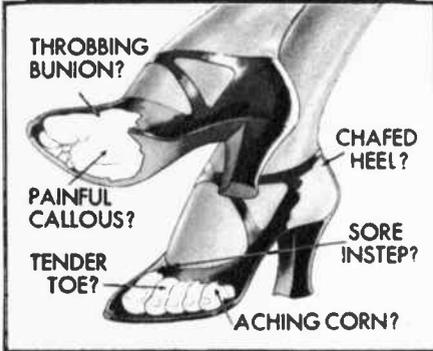
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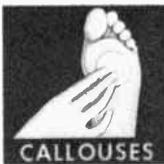
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Put one on—the pain is gone!

truth. I'd make him happy . . . oh, I knew I could!"

"I think there is a way," I told Blair shakily. "I will speak to Leon tonight. I'm sure . . . he'll be anxious to be rid of me!" with a bitter laugh.

I told Leon that night.

He had been drinking. If I had realized the dangerous, smouldering mood he was in, I would never have ventured to confess Blair's love for me at that time. When I realized, it was too late.

"I want to go away. I want to pretend to get a divorce," I cried defiantly. "I don't want a scandal tagging me."

"In other words," he said cynically, "you don't want Blair to know we've been reveling in sin . . . is that it?" The look in his narrowed eyes frightened me.

I bit my quivering lip, then flared bitterly, "That's it! I want to get married, have babies, and a home. I'm not happy . . . this way."

If he would only stop laughing . . . that terrible, crazy laughter like something was going to pieces inside him.

"So you want to leave me flat! Going to make a laughing stock out of me before my friends!" His laughter stopped abruptly, and he said quietly, "Okay. Go respectable. I won't stop you. But you'll go the whole hog. You'll tell this good, virtuous man the truth. The truth . . . do you hear?"

My hand fled to my throat in horror.

"Oh, no . . . no! He'd despise me . . . hate me . . ."

A ghastly little smile hovered around his white lips. "Didn't you say he is so understanding, so kind?"

he mocked. "He'll forgive you, of course! He loves you . . . well, let him prove it."

HE STRODE to the telephone and dialed a number, and as he spoke into the transmitter, I knew! He was calling Blair to come over! I hadn't bargained for Leon's arrogant pride, that wouldn't tolerate his being left in the lurch, even though he had intended the same fate for myself. This was his way of getting even!

I collapsed in a chair, sobbing.

Blair came immediately. He flashed a look at my tear-stained face, then snapped, "What have you been doing to her?"

"We've been having it out, Linda and I," Leon drawled. "And I'm perfectly willing to step out of the picture—but first," Leon laughed, that wild bitter laugh of a mind tottering with jealousy, hurt pride. "Linda, here, has something to tell you."

I shrank back as Blair's eyes questioned me. Blackness swirled around me. My hands gripped the arms of the chair convulsively, and in a quivering voice, not looking at Blair, I said, "Leon means

that . . . we've been living together 'without benefit of clergy' . . . that's what they call it, don't they? Fool's paradise, I call it," I added bitterly.

I knew he must be looking at me—scorn and disgust in his eyes. That terrible silence that followed my terse revelation . . . I could feel it closing about my throat like a vice. And then Blair spoke—

"And do you think it'll make any difference in my loving you, wanting you?"

I looked up incredulously. But the tears obscured my vision. I couldn't make out his face plainly. His voice sounded strange. But he was saying it didn't make any difference!

Leon's voice was sharp. "Sure of that?"

Blair said coolly, "Absolutely."

My sight cleared. And it was on Leon's face on which my burning gaze fixed.

"You win," he said, not looking at me. "So it's a real wedding ring this time, and a houseful of kids for you!"

He looked awful, suddenly . . . he hadn't expected this, I thought bitterly. He had deliberately tried to wreck things, only Blair's kind tolerance had saved me.

"Good Lord, man, you've got me all wrong!" Blair exploded. "I don't expect to marry her. That wasn't what I meant. I'll admit my intentions were honorable. Now . . . well, there's a difference."

I went rigid. What was he saying? His gray eyes were tolerant, almost kind . . . but what he was saying . . . oh, what he was saying to me! Better if he had

sneered . . . laughed . . . cursed at me, than this condescending kindness that was as cruel as a blow . . .

"You're a desirable little thing, Linda. I want you . . . love you. That . . . my emotion hasn't changed any. But you can't expect a man to bestow his honorable name on another man's cast-off mistress, can you? I'll be kind to you . . ." He took my cold hands. "I'll treat you right, Linda . . . only . . . you see, don't you, why I can't marry you?"

The world was cracking in pieces around me. "In other words," I forced between stiff lips, "I . . . I would just be switching lovers. Is that what you're proposing?"

Maybe I deserved this, I thought drearily. Blair had a right to feel this way. I hadn't played fair. I hadn't thought about his side of it. But surely I would never have hurt him as he was hurting me now. But what tore me to pieces was that Leon, out of sheer jealousy and injured vanity, had wantonly smashed what might have been something beautiful. Oh, not that Blair mattered, not that anything mattered now . . .

All at once I was laughing and sob-

The Ears Have IT



Want something lovely to go with your new evening gown? Then try an ear clip such as Helen Jepson, the soprano star of NBC, is wearing. This one is of turquoise and rhinestones.

bing. I screamed at Blair to get out. Then I ran into the bedroom and flung myself on the bed. Death would have been merciful then.

OUT of the darkness and pain, a hand reached out . . . touched me, and through a blur, I saw a face bending over me. Leon!

His voice was choked. "God, Linda . . . I feel like a rat."

I said bitterly, "You should. I'm leaving. I . . . I hate you!" That was a lie. God, help me, I loved him still.

He was white with pain.

"Linda, I'm sorry . . . God, if I could undo what I've done! I didn't realize . . . until too late, and then . . . I didn't even have the right to knock him down. I wasn't any better! I've treated you lightly and carelessly . . . oh, I wasn't myself tonight. I was mad with jealousy . . ."

"And what about me?" I flung back furiously. "I suppose it didn't hurt me when Seena spent the evening with you in our apartment? I found her here when I got home that night. I was so hurt I let Blair be sweet to me, and I wasn't unfaithful . . . as you were to me!"

His eyes were tortured beyond belief.

"Unfaithful . . . no, Linda. No! Let me tell you. I swear it's the truth. I came home that night ashamed of the way I had acted. I was going to tell you that I didn't give a damn about Seena. I found you gone and Seena parading around. She . . ." He flushed. "Never mind. I never gave her that key. She stole it from my key ring at the party. I sent her away in double quick time. Linda, I never wanted any woman but you. I went to Lee's to get you and found you weren't there. You were two-timing me, I thought and I went through hell! I knew you were seeing Blair all the time and I . . . I chased around making a fool of myself, and when you told me he wanted to marry you . . . well, I wanted to hurt you. Oh, it seems a poor sort of love that could make me do what I've done to you tonight. But I love you and now . . . I've made you hate me . . ."

He sank to his knees beside the bed. His body was shaken with terrible sobs he couldn't hold back.

"Then . . . I was all wrong . . ." I whispered "You . . . do care!" I stifled a fierce longing to press his head against my breast, and tell him that love like mine could never die

"Oh, we've blundered so . . . maybe it's our punishment." I cried. "A warning to cut things clean between us. It was all wrong . . . our love. Don't you see?"

"No!" He crushed my hand against his throbbing heart. "That would just stop beating if I couldn't love you again," he said huskily. "Listen to me. Our love isn't wrong . . . it's *me!* Well, I'm changing things. We're going to get married right away. I want it that way, darling . . . and everything that goes with it . . . kids . . . quintuplets if you want 'em, Linda," with a shaky laugh.

I couldn't believe it. He couldn't change like this . . . all of a sudden.

"Listen, I mean it, I mean it . . . you've 'gotta' give me another chance, darling," he begged, and there was such fire and sincerity and tenderness behind his vehemence, that I . . . well, his pleading eyes brought all the old belief in him back again, and I gave him the chance he asked for—to be my husband, forever.



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther.*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade,

regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

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Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

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 Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
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 Address _____
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 (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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Secrets Of A Radio Star

[Continued from page 29]



What Ginger Rogers Did to Become Beautiful

Read a glamorous star's own story of the miracle that made her one of Hollywood's most dazzling personalities . . . also in this issue: How Freddie Bartholomew Became a Star, Carole Lombard's Warning to Girls, and many other stories about the screen's most interesting stars

Read All the
Movie News
First in
SCREEN
BOOK

ONLY
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was my one real friend at the studios. Sooner or later, somebody got the bright idea of putting on an act.

What scared me, after they'd started, was the fact that everyone was expected to do something. I hadn't any talents. I thought I might try to sing, but an attack of typhoid fever when I was a child had left me only a small, peculiar voice about which I was terribly self-conscious.

When it came my turn, my stomach began to feel empty. One of the studio orchestra boys played for me. I sat down on the bench beside him, turning around to face the crowd. Everything was swimming before my eyes.

I finished. Nobody said anything for a minute. They'd clapped wildly for everyone else.

The piano player broke the pause at last. "Hey, kid, where did you get that voice. It's the darndest ever. It's a freak. It's no more than a thread, but it's cute as hell! What do you think, Bert?"

Bert King, the program director, strolled slowly over toward the piano. "Freak is right. What's the matter with your throat?" I told him. "Typhoid."

"Drop in at the monitor rehearsal tomorrow and let me try that out, eh?"

Flora Carr said, "Nobody would be able to hear her."

Bert said, "I guess differently. The mike'll do things to a voice like that."

"You're making fun of me!" I said, breathlessly.

Crane Wilson said, "Nonsense. Congratulations to the new star of the air. I want to help you—Val—do everything I can for you. How about a little toast to the girl with the trick voice? To Val—may she go to town!"

Everybody drank, solemnly. I saw Ted standing in a corner, leaning against a table and eyeing a glass of gin with a far-away look. I wanted to talk to someone. I was so ecstatic. On the way to him Crane Wilson caught my arm and I stopped. He was smiling, his dark eyes so bright they dazzled me. "Shall I wait over tomorrow to see how it goes?" he said.

For a moment I didn't understand what he meant, and then I knew he referred to the monitor rehearsal. I said, "The mike fright will be enough without having you there to paralyze me. I shouldn't be able to sing at all!"

He grew serious. "Listen, my dear, if you break into the business, I think I can help you a lot. There are always chances for a successful artist to put on a little act at club luncheons and

banquets—things of that sort. Clubmen like pretty girls to entertain them. I can swing a good bit your way, if you care for that."

I said, "You're good to me. I do appreciate it."

He said, "You will make good."

When I reached Ted, I squeezed his arm enthusiastically. "Am I drunk, Ted? Has this actually happened to me?"

He laughed. Gave me an odd look. "Not drunk enough, darling. You're having a grand time, aren't you? Going to be another artist in the UVFA family. I can see that. You'll get just like the rest of us. Develop a conceit that would scare an honest man. Get exclusive and touchy. Hate everyone else who shows any signs of popularity. Gossip like a Grundy. Crab when the production man fails to give you every precious second of your time on the air. See plots against you where there are none . . ."

I said forlornly, "Oh, I thought you'd be glad for me."

"I am. Sure. Sure I'm glad. Don't droop, darling. What have you to droop about, with Crane plugging for you? You're going to be a big favorite with him. I can see that."

"You're nasty. Why shouldn't I like him? He's wonderful. He's going to help me a lot—with jobs and things."

"Maybe he can suggest some way in which you can repay his interest."

That made me so wildly angry that I snapped, "If he can, I will."

I TURNED my back on him. After that, the party wasn't any fun. At about three o'clock, I was so exhausted for lack of sleep that I decided to go home if I could get someone to take me—Jim, perhaps. He seemed good-natured. I went upstairs to get my hat and coat. I decided to bathe my face and freshen up a bit.

Guess Who?



An early picture of one of our most charming and well-known picture stars. Check your guess with the picture on page 62.

I turned down the collar of my dress, put a fresh silk sponge into the water and held it to my eyes. The door to the bedroom closed. I swung around and looked out of the bathroom door. Ted was standing there, smiling as if nothing had happened. He looked so boyish and happy that I hadn't the heart to hold my grudge against him.

He came in and parked himself on the edge of the bathtub. "Go ahead with your scrubbing," he said cheerfully. "Everyone's getting so affectionate downstairs that I had to come and hunt for you. There's a scarcity of women."

"But I'm going

home," I said. "And please get out of the bathroom."

"Don't be Park-Avenue. Only place where you can see your girl alone on a party like this."

I ignored him and went on sponging my face and throat. When I got through, he stood up and insisted on seeing whether I'd washed my ears.

He held my chin in one brown hand and peered into my face. "I like you like this. All clean and shining like a little girl at school. No makeup. Nice, shiny nose. Smelling of soap. Lovely."

He kissed me so abruptly that I wasn't prepared for it. I broke away and went out into the bedroom. He followed me, putting his hand over mine on the doorknob, his other arm flung around me so that I was backed up against him and could feel his chin against my hair.

"Do stay," he begged. "Can't be alone downstairs. Every sofa, nook and cranny is filled. Everybody making love."

"But I can't stay up here with you, Ted. Don't be silly."

"Well, we'll be good children, won't we?"

He freed my hand and forced my head back until he could reach my lips. That other arm of his held me immovable. My neck ached with the strain, but he did kiss me again with possessive lips, sweetly, as if he liked me a lot. I don't know what made me suddenly go limp and respond to him.

He turned me around, gently, his mouth still on mine. After a while, shivering a little and with a queer uneasy feeling at the pit of my stomach, I could have pulled away, but he wouldn't let me go. And then I realized that he was quite drunk.

I tried to say "Don't" shakily. He picked me up and put me down on the bed, pressing me back against the pillows and following me with disturbing kisses. I was so angry and frightened by then that I acted instinctively. When his hand lay against the warm flesh of my throat, I lowered my head and bit him viciously on the back of the wrist.

The next moment he was sitting up, white with fury, apparently sobered, shaking off the blood that was dripping from his hand.

I sat up and glared at him. "Do you think you can maul me around as if I were the community mop?" I choked. "Just because you got me the job? If you think I owe you something, I'll see to it that you get the same percentage of my month's salary as an employment agency would."

He looked up and glared at me. "Will you shut up? One more word out of you and I'll spank you!"

I got up and went to the door. I was still shaking. I had to have the last word, though. "You wouldn't dare . . ." I began, and stopped. He was getting up. He was striding toward me with unmistakable intent.

I reached for the doorknob. It was wrenched out of my hand, violently.

But I never got that spanking.

Quite close at hand, something crashed, heavily. And a woman began to scream.

Which one of Crane Wilson's guests has met with violence? And why? Be sure to read the startling climax to Val's first radio party in the August *Romantic Stories* combined with *Radioland*.

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Results guaranteed

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

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"My waist is 8 inches smaller" writes
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Alice Faye's Untold Love Story

[Continued from page 21]

and instruction which would contribute to her dancing knowledge.

Childhood games, excursions into fun, held no interest for her. She lived in a dream until those magic four or five hours when she could bend and whirl and abandon herself to the vital business of dancing.

IT WAS a full, a difficult program for a child, yet she never deviated from her self-imposed program. It must have taken a terrific strength of character for one as immature as this Alice Faye to continue day in and day out with her grueling formula. School in the morning and the early afternoon. Dancing class until six and seven at night. And then the lessons to be learned for the next day.

The family realized how inevitable it was that this child of theirs eventually find her place behind the footlights. When at fourteen, shortly after her graduation from grammar school, she was offered a place in a Chester Hale dancing unit scheduled to go on tour, the family was sympathetic with her desire.

There were twelve girls in the act. They were a flashing, a dazzling, a swirling group of youngsters, most of whom were appearing before audiences professionally for the first time. What they lacked in perfect technique, they more than made up by their vitality and youth.

It was a wholesome induction into the theatre for Alice Faye. Her days were compounded of work out in front, of long and grueling practice hours, of a meticulous attention to the job of making of herself a better dancer.

Unquestionably it was this rigorous life, this necessary concentration on the duties at hand, which accounts today for that little-girl detachment, for that shyness which is so much a part of Alice Faye. She then learned to live within herself, to save herself for the things that counted—learned never to dissipate her energies and to keep her mind clear for her ambition, and her eye trained on a definite goal.

Alice's absorption until now was entirely in dancing, even though later on it was her voice which gained her recognition. Only once, while she was still in the chorus, did she try a song on her own.

She and the orchestra didn't agree on the key, neither did her voice carry beyond the first two rows. That husky quality, that penetrating, aching quality which has become her trademark, was not at all evident. That one show was sufficient. The manager at last accepted her protestations that she couldn't sing. And again she was nothing more than a girl in the line.

After the Chester Hale troupe disbanded, Alice sought other chorus jobs. Occasionally she found them. It wasn't at all an easy road. What she saved

during working time, she had to spend while waiting for another assignment.

Day after day she practiced, she worked, hoping and dreaming for that inevitable chance. She was one of the glorified girls in the choruses of night clubs. Her blonde beauty gained attention, but nothing ever came of it. Until she secured a job with George White's Scandals, which was always considered a step up for any dancing lady.

AND now occasionally Alice would have a bit of fun. She did have a chance to play and it was fortunate that she did. During one of those evenings when she joined the gayety in which the other girls always whirled, they ended at a party given by Hyman Bushell, a famous New York attorney, who was also the legal adviser and friend of Rudy Vallée.

One of the diversions of that evening was for every person present to sing a little song for the home recording victrola Bushell owned. Alice lined up with the rest of them, and the amazed Bushell listened to a series of broken phrases

and blue notes which did something to his heart-strings. It was a vibrant voice, a voice that held all the longing known to the human race. An intangible longing.

As that two-bit record whirled to a stop, as that last note died on Alice's lips, he turned to her and said—"You don't belong in the chorus. You should be a singer. I think you've got something."

He promised to speak to Rudy Vallée, who was the star attraction of the Scandals, but who had never seen the little chorus girl. If they met at all, his glance was casual. She was only one of many. Another sweet youngster dancing for a living.

When Bushell suggested to her that she sing for Rudy, her eyes opened wide in fright. She didn't dare. She would die of fright. She wouldn't be able to open her lips. Her throat would constrict, she told Bushell.

But this astute man of law books knew ability when he saw it. He took that twenty-five cent record to Vallée, told him that the singer was a girl in the chorus in the same show with him. Rudy had always been a man interested in aspiring youngsters. It was of a pattern with the kindness of the man with the intrinsic gentleness which is a marked characteristic of this crooner. He agreed with Bushell.

The Scandals went on the road and Alice heard no more of the record. As a matter of fact, she had dismissed it from her mind, considering it only a pleasant gesture on Mr. Bushell's part to tell her that Mr. Vallée might be interested. The company returned to



New York and disbanded and Alice again started looking for a job.

Rudy, with his Connecticut Yankees, opened at the Pennsylvania Grill in New York. And one day Alice Faye's telephone rang and it was a request from Mr. Vallée that she come down and sing a couple of songs with his orchestra. She was frightened to death, but her training as a trouper now stood her in good stead.

To the beat of Vallée's baton, she sang for the delighted audience that night, *Mimi*, the same song she had recorded. She sang another and another. Even more than an ability to sing, this girl had personality. She could sway audiences, make them feel.

Rudy beamed his approval! He gave her a new song or two to learn and told her that when he started on his tour he wanted her to go along as the vocalist.

RUDY and his band opened in Atlantic City two or three weeks later, and Alice Faye was billed with them. Again her success was instantaneous. From then on she was part of the world-renowned band.

Alice Faye has said again and again, "Everything I am, everything I hope to be, I owe to Rudy Vallée. I am grateful to him down to the tips of my toes. He took me out of small-time vaudeville and the chorus line and boosted me up the ladder. He is responsible for my radio career, my picture career, and the realization of my dreams."

Unquestionably Rudy Vallée was Alice Faye's good genii. He felt a responsibility for this youngster who was trying so hard, who was so ambitious, who was so eager to learn. He shared with her the knowledge he had acquired over long years. Taught her everything she knows about microphone technique, where to place her voice, where to stand for a loud note, just how to come closer when she was singing softly.

And then there happened that accident which increased Rudy's sense of responsibility towards this ex-chorus girl, whom he had promoted to importance.

The Yankees travelled by car on their tour. And one night after the final show they started on the long trek towards the town of their next engagement. Rudy was at the wheel of his big car. With him were three musicians, his secretary and Alice Faye. Suddenly there was a terrific bump. An obstacle in the road took the car right out of Rudy's control. And it turned over and over and over!

Alice was dangerously hurt. There was a nasty cut over her left eye which required seven stitches to close. For days physicians didn't even know whether she would ever see again—or whether permanent blindness would be the toll that near-fatal accident demanded of her. For three weeks she lay in a hospital, with the constant spectre of darkness hovering over her.

Rudy was in a frenzy! Here was a kid in her teens; what had he done to her life?

No brother could have been more devoted. There were nights when he prayed that her sight might be saved, when he couldn't face the thought that those ugly stitches would mar her beauty.

It was a dark hour for Alice. Darkness and despair were her hand-maidens. But out of those nights of agony she developed a philosophy. "Live for today," she told herself, "Let tomorrow take care of itself." A wise philosophy indeed!

SPOTLIGHTS of HOLLYWOOD

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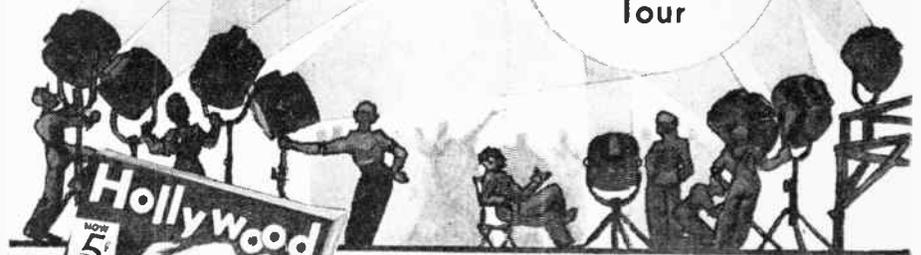
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And there's more. The stars write for **HOLLYWOOD**. In the July issue, Grace Moore writes "How to Tell That You Have Voice," William Beery tells "What My Brother Wally Has Never Told," and John Boles writes about the part Romance plays in all our lives. There are many other stories that you can't afford to miss.

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She knew now how foolish and useless it was to plan and dream for the future. She knew that no one could foretell what the tomorrows held for anyone.

It was then that she determined to live each moment as if it were her last. She vowed to let each day be sufficient unto itself; to live without guile and without hate; without jealousy and without too great expectations.

This is her philosophy today! This is the philosophy which permits her to savor every success, every mark of Fame joyously, gladly and fully.

It is a bulwark against her youth and against Hollywood itself, with its quick acceptance of those who have made an instant success, and its equally rapid forgetfulness of those who do not continue to rank high. It has given Alice Faye a perspective which is undoubtedly one of the most important phases of her character, and will contribute markedly to the glittering success for which she seems today to be destined.

She has taken everything calmly—even that miraculous incident which hoisted her in her first picture to a featured part.

As casual, as unforeseen as was her graduation from chorus ranks, was her graduation into importance on the screen.

Rudy Vallée had been signed by Fox Studios to appear in the picturization of George White's *Scandals*. There was need for a girl to sing a certain hot number and Rudy suggested Alice Faye. It was to be only one number—*Oh, You Nasty Man*. The Crooner was sure that no one else could do it as compellingly as the little girl in his troupe. George White and the Fox Studios sent for her and it took only her first tests to convince executives that in this girl they had a find.

The camera and the microphone disclosed a voluptuous personality. One that wouldn't fail to smack the customers in the eye. She had grace and beauty and ability—but more than that, she had that indefinable something which spells success on the screen.

THE studio placed her under contract immediately. An unforeseen break came the way of the little Faye. Lilian Harvey, who had been slated to play opposite Vallée, objected to the rôle assigned her. She felt that it was out of character with her abilities, that it in no way would enhance her popularity and that it would be evident that she was woefully miscast. Harvey went to bat with studio officials, and when the air cleared the foreign star was out of the picture.

Producers began scouring the town for someone to replace Harvey. Those suitable were not available, and those available were not suitable.

And then they went into a darkened projection room and again saw the tests the newcomer had made. They decided to take a chance on her—to test immediately their impressions of the girl.

It was an expensive production. They had thousands of dollars tied up in it. And yet so certain were they of their own conclusions that Alice was cast for the featured rôle. She was a Cinderella who had come under the twelve o'clock wire.

Alice Faye did make good. Almost overnight audiences became conscious of that new personality, fan mail deluged

the studio asking every fact about this girl. She had delivered with a bang!

The public knew who Alice Faye was from the sensational angle. Her name had been blazoned in tabloids during the Vallée-Webb litigations.

Alice Faye denied that she was the mysterious Jane Doe whom Fay Webb named in her complaints. She insisted that the friendship between Rudy and herself was no more than that. Friendship compounded of propinquity, and an interest in each other's problems.

Certain it is that Rudy had turned to Alice time and again when he sought surcease in those agonizing hours when he knew that the woman he had loved for years, who had been a dream and a vision to him long before he had met her, who had been enshrined in his heart and in his mind, no longer loved him and possibly had never loved him.

And so those first days in Hollywood for her were considerably complicated. Each day she was slapped in the face with innuendos and thinly veiled allusions in the newspapers to herself. Paragraphers read the sands and concluded that she would be the next Mrs. Vallée!

It isn't strange at all that association, coupled with suggestions, planted the idea of marriage in their own minds. Unquestionably there was a terrific attraction between them. Not even they themselves knew what its ingredients were. Whether it was loyalty and gratitude on Alice's part, whether it was no more than a seeking for a haven on Rudy's part, the fact remains that they were irresistibly drawn to each other. For awhile even they must have called it love. But it will be to the everlasting credit of Alice Faye that in the face of the newspaper publicity attending Mrs. Vallée's suit, she retained her dignity and permitted nothing to mar her relationship with Rudy.

Her interest in other men while she was in Hollywood was a challenge to everyone. There was the dark Lyle Talbot, an easy-going, sweet person who has cavaliered the most famous beauties in the town. His devotion to Alice was evident from the first date they had together.

Lyle has an irresistible smile, a charm of manner, which women find attractive. His basic good nature, his innate fineness, has not been obscured by his success on the screen. He beamed Alice for many a moon and was replaced only by Nick Foran, seion of transportation millions, former Princeton football hero, who had been recruited to the screen because of a fine voice and hero possibilities.

However, this ship of romantic dreams hit a snag when Colonel Arthur F. Foran, Nick's father, put a firm foot down on this publicized romance of his son and the torch-singer protégée of Rudy Vallée.

The Colonel had no objections to the girl, but he did object to the reams of publicity which Alice's association with the crooner had gleaned for her.

ALICE'S affections could not have been engaged very deeply, for the Colonel's manifesto disturbed her not at all. She continued absorbed in her work, continued to give her first devotion, that strange devotion, to Rudy.

She was just as content to be seen in public places as one of a family group, as she was twining it with one of Hollywood's eligibles. There were any num-

her who were laying siege to her heart. Jack Donohue, dance director, for one, and a half dozen others. Her very detachment was a fascination and a spur to interest.

Today she is regarded as one of the best picture bets come to Hollywood in many a moon. Her blonde beauty is both arresting and intriguing. She has a poise far beyond her twenty years. She has no over-sized opinion of herself.

She has repeatedly said, "I keep reminding myself that it is the man who wrote the script, the man who directs the picture, the man who photographs it, the hairdresser, the gown designer and many others who have as important parts to play in the making of a star as any talent that person might possess!"

"I am glad that I had enough hard knocks in my life to remember that nothing goes on forever. That there is an ending to luck, that it must be subsidized by some definite contribution to the roles assigned me."

It is an understanding, that Fame is not built on a translucent bubble which has made Alice Faye work harder today than she has ever worked before in her life. Her routine in Hollywood is almost as rigorous as it was in her first days in a chorus. She studies dancing and diction, voice and its placement. She gives extraordinary attention to the wardrobe she must wear in pictures.

She keeps herself in condition and permits no interference with her rest and her sleep when she is working.

Her tastes are simple. She lives in a

comfortable but unpretentious apartment with her mother and her younger brother, who manages her affairs.

Now that her future in pictures seems to be assured, and the newest scandals, in which she appeared with Jimmie Dunn, indicates definitely that she is of star calibre—she is permitting herself a few of the luxuries of which she has dreamed since she was a child.

Very recently she has bought a mink coat—to her the symbol of success. For long ago, when she was a little chorus girl, there was a leading lady in one of her companies who would casually throw across a piano a priceless mink coat. And as Alice used to dance by she'd let her fingers wander surreptitiously over those tender pelts. And through all the years she told herself—"I'll know I'm somebody when I can afford a mink coat like that."

That fur coat which Alice Faye now wears is an emblem of success—a mark of achievement.

This Alice Faye is a glamorous girl, a girl of subtle charm, yet of strange withdrawals.

Time and time again she has said: "I don't want to talk of the past. There is today—there is tomorrow. Thinking of what has been is a sign of age, a death-knell to ambition."

THE future is before this girl, a breath-taking future, a bright future. At her fingertips are all those things for which she has worked so long.

Even love! For Alice herself does not yet know what the end of her devotion

to Rudy, and of Rudy's devotion to her will be. When he has been linked with other women, invariably there was always some incident which again pointed to Alice Faye as a girl important in his life. They correspond constantly. When they are separated by the width of the continent, he telephones her two and three and four times a week. There are no evasions between them!

They may define this love with marriage, when Rudy's marital affairs are straightened out, when he once more is free to seek happiness.

Their consistent denials of any future plans together might well be a safeguard to that idealized companionship and friendship which has assumed heroic proportions.

Perhaps even these two don't know whether they are in love!

But it won't be many months before their emotions will be clarified. Yet it is certain that if Rudy and Alice do not marry they will each have had an extraordinary effect on one another's life. For to Alice, Rudy is an idol and any man she marries will of necessity have to measure up to his stature.

To Rudy, Alice has spelled all the sedate virtues which he has always sought in a woman. And so she, too, is a pattern for his emotions.

And so, Alice Faye, this little girl who has risen with meteoric rapidity to recognition, has today reached important crossroads in her life.

The cross-road of love! And the cross-road to lasting success! Lucky Alice!

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Sweethearts On Call

[Continued from page 31]



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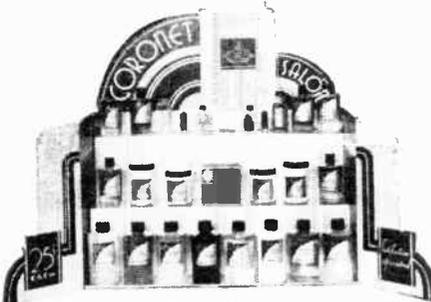
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Never have I heard such exquisite music. It seemed to lift my heart out of my body and I wanted to rise and fling myself into Scott Kane's arms.

As though he read my thoughts, the doctor came to me, when he had finished. "Tell Terry you're sick," he demanded. "I'm taking you home, myself. Gracia will substitute for you the rest of the evening."

As in a dream, I let him lead me to a taxi. "We're going to my own rooms," he said huskily. "And, though you probably won't believe me, you're the first girl I've ever taken there. You are a fire in my blood!"

Once in his apartment, he handed me a violin. "Play to me, will you?" he said. "Perhaps that will straighten me out. I saw Burke kiss you, tonight—and you loved it. I thought I should go mad."

He was fighting me and I felt an elated sense of power. So I played now, from the depths of my own pounding heart, putting all I felt and other things that I didn't even know how to feel, into the pulse of the music.

Suddenly the doctor caught my arm. "What is that thing you are playing?"

"I don't know. I made it up."

"You made it up! Child—what are you?"

Why that is my music. It is inside of me. You're playing what's inside of me—and you're driving me crazy."

The violin fell clattering to the floor between us and he caught me to him with a fierce hard pressure that stifled us both. He kissed me again and again and I returned his kisses fiercely.

Suddenly, he sprang away, his eyes blazing. "You," he cried out, "you who were to be the unattainable! Here you are in my arms, giving me every damned bit of your heart and your soul!"

I drew back, weak and shaken. "You mean—it's a lesson, you're just showing me how weak I am?"

He laughed, harshly. "Now, you see what a man can do to you. Go back to your room and don't ever come with me again like this, no matter how mad I let myself get."

I turned and stumbled toward the door.

The next day, he called me to him. "I've arranged to have you practice with Professor Alton," he said. "Last night must never happen again."

That night, I went out again with Terry. There were more kisses under the spell of the music and the swaying figures. Terry was sweet—sweet, but Dr. Kane was like part of me. I couldn't forget him. I wanted his arms, again.

Then, one morning, Dean Howard told me that Dr. Kane had gone to Paris, and I knew that he was still fighting against

me. And it was that night, miserable and weary that I let Terry hold me in his arms throughout the night. Surely with a love like Terry's for me, I could forget Dr. Kane.

I returned to the school mornings, but at night, I went to Terry's apartment. Terry planned to marry me at first, but as time went on, he said no more about it—and somehow, I didn't care. I was content to drift. My heart belonged to Dr. Kane and he refused to claim it. Why shouldn't I find what comfort I could in Terry.

Dr. Kane came back two months later—bronzed and freshened. But when he called me to his room, and asked me to

play for him, I could not respond. The old fire was dead. My genius was gone.

I saw little of him until one day he sent for me again. "Claire," he said, "you're to get a new outfit and meet me here tonight. I'm changing your assignment. There's been too much Terry."

I caught my breath. "But you can't! He'll be waiting."

"I've already told him," he replied. "Bring your violin. You are going to play for some friends of mine. And you must play. This is important."

For the first time in weeks, my ambition stirred and came to life. I hurried to buy myself a gorgeous gown, and to make myself as beautiful as possible.

I was ready and waiting when Dr. Kane came.

"You found yourself, didn't you?" he said, and led me downstairs to the taxi.

WE GOT out in front of a building which I knew at once was not one of Dr. Kane's favored establishments. It was a small music hall near Madison Square. There was no regular performance going on inside, but small groups of people were clustered in front of the stage, and as we entered I heard a woman singing.

The doctor led me along the darkened aisle to a small door that opened back stage. We stood close together in the shelter of some props and listened to the music. It was a glorious voice, rich and deep with underchords of rare emotion.

Then a boy with a cello playing on the heart-strings, a tenor crooning of love, and a man at the piano singing out his soul. On and on it went, while my own emotions hung suspended, then suddenly surged about me in a swelling tide that crashed through some stifling barrier of ice. Hardly realizing what I did I clung with trembling hands to the doctor's arm.

"This has made me want to play," I cried out. "Is that why you brought me here?"



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"Yes, but if I had told you, you'd have been frozen into self-consciousness. Don't think of anything now but the music. Play whatever is in you, and play to me. Keep your eyes on my face."

His face, with its magnetic, smouldering glow, ready to flame with the old fire as my bow swung into life! It had been a molten stream which had crashed through that ice, pent up during my weeks of numbing confusion. It surged about me, giving a mad passion to my bow, lifting my spirit on its old brave wings, seeking out the soul of this man who had tortured and then had left me, trying now to break his heart with its tears, and then to heal the wound with its tenderness.

Then, when I had finished, I ran back to the wings and found myself held close in the doctor's arms. "Brave girl," he whispered. "That was music!"

He put me quickly from him and I realized that other people were crowding about us. Names were spoken, hands outstretched, but it was as if I moved in a fog. I had no idea what I said or what words were spoken to me. When full realization came I was being led to a car, followed by Dr. Kane and a huge, ruddy faced man with an upstanding mass of pure white hair.

The doctor led the way into his office, then deliberately turned and left me alone with the white-haired stranger.

"A girl who can play as you did tonight," he began, "must have a heart and a soul."

I still felt a bit dazed and pressed my hand to my head. It was as if I had been stilled a long time and was just coming

up for air. I was still under the spell of my own music and everything else seemed for the moment unreal.

"And now there's a rather strange question I want to ask you," he went on. "I'm an Irishman with a dash of Scotch blood. And that makes for a canny mixture. Did you happen to hear my name?"

"No," I said.
 "Perhaps that's just as well. I've known Scott Kane for a good many years, went to school with his dad. He's got some damned crazy notions, but I trust him when it comes to knowing women, and he says you're about as fine as they come."

I flushed and raised my head.
 "And now," the old man continued, "my question is just this: What would you do if you had a lot of money? Oh, I know," he checked me as I started to speak, "you'd buy a lot of pretty clothes, go places, do things, like any other sensible girl, but after you'd got tired of all that, and there was still a lot left, what would you do then?"

"I'd hire a hall like that place where we went tonight and give myself and every one who could play or sing like those folks we heard, a good, big break."

He chuckled. "That sounds good to me, for it happens to be exactly what I did myself. That was my hall. But you didn't by any chance know that, did you?" he added with a quick suspicion.

"I'm afraid I don't know a single thing about you," I assured him.

"All right, then. One more thing now. How in the devil did a clever girl like you get mixed up with my son?"

"You mean—?"

"Sure, I'm Dennis Burke. I've been knowing for about six weeks that you and Terry have been living together. And for the first time in his life he's straightened out. He's quit drinking and chasing around with wild women. My idea is that you've been damned good medicine. But now what's the idea? What is preventing you two kids from getting married the way you ought to?"

"You are!" I flared, as soon as my amazed senses could take in the meaning of his words.

"You mean you'd be willing to marry a young fool like Terry, if he asked you, and you knew it was all right with me?"

"Of course," I answered at once, then wondered at the sudden dull thud of my spirit. Now everything we'd dreamed of seemed likely to happen. Why wasn't my heart leaping with joy?

"I suppose Terry has told you that I have a bum heart," he went on, "and that I'm expected to shuffle off any day? In fact, this trip was against doctor's orders, and he said it probably would be the death of me. But I had to see what Terry was up to, and get his life straightened out if I could."

He rose then, and held out his hand. "You're all right, Claire Brent," he said. "I'll have a talk with the kid tonight, and then things are likely to happen."

WHEN he had gone I went up to the dimly lighted music room where I knew I should find Dr. Kane. He was there, pacing the floor, his face black with one of his passionate storms.

"I'm a fool!" he cried out. "God, what a fool!"

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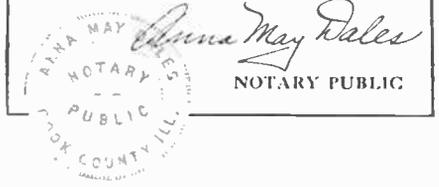
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I closed and locked the door, then stood gazing at him with incredulous eyes. A few moments ago he had been laughing and triumphant, now he seemed to be facing the tortures of the damned.

"I thought I was cured of you," he burst out savagely. "I went thousands of miles to get you out of my blood. I came back to find you living with that young cad. Did you think I wouldn't know? And then like a god at the wheel I started my mills to grinding. And now I've fixed it—fixed it so damned well that I've lost you. I thought I'd have to make up for the mess I'd plunged you into, and that the safest way was to get you securely married."

"You mean you knew that if he saw me Terry's father would want me to marry Terry?"

"Of course I knew it, and looking ahead now, I can see exactly what is going to happen—every step of the way. True, I intended it to happen, but now, I'm horribly afraid—"

"Of what?"

"Myself. And of what it is going to do to you. My meddling has twisted into a boomerang. But remember when I planned it I thought I was cured of you. I realized you were in my blood, but didn't know I really loved you until you stood up there tonight and played my soul away."

"You love me," I scoffed, and ran across the courtyard to my own apartment.

There was little sleep for me that night. I did not see Dr. Kane all next day, and early in the evening I sped back to the apartment that I had shared with Terry. But the place was in darkness and all his things were gone. There was a brief note on the dressing table:

"The old man found out, darling," he wrote, "and is raising hell. I'll have to leave you for a while. I've given up the apartment here and may not be able to see you again before I go. But I'll come back, or send for you, of course.—Terry."

And that seemed to me very much like "goodbye." And, somehow, I wasn't very much surprised.

I took the letter to Dr. Kane. "It must mean," I said, "that he went before he talked to his father, and before he knew that there was no objection to our marriage."

"No," the doctor cut in, "it means that he went because he knew, and that is exactly what I expected him to do—in the first move."

"You believe that Terry was only holding his father over me as an excuse, and that as soon as he realized we could be married he—lit out?"

"I'm afraid that's it, Claire. But that's nothing to what's going to happen next. But I don't dare tell you or you'd think I'm insane."

It was nearly a week after that, that he sent for me and with white, set face closed his office door.

"Something has happened, Claire. The damned mills of my gods didn't grind so slowly this time, but they sure have chewed your life and mine into exceedingly small bits."

I stood watching him, waiting for his next words, and clinging to the desk for support. I knew by his face that I'd need it."

"Terry's father died," he began, "and cut him out of his will."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I cried out. "Was it—it must have been—because of me."

"Not the way you think. It seems that in your talk with the old man you hit rather uncannily upon a pet project of his, the Burke Foundation. It's intended to give promising young genius a chance to soar."

"Yes—I remember. He asked me what I'd do if I had a lot of money."

"Well, you're going to find out, because in my last talk with him he said he had made out a new will leaving you a scholarship in the Foundation, and fifty thousand dollars in cash to do with as you please. And that, Claire, is the joker—"

"Fifty thousand dollars," I gasped. "I can't understand—"

"But I can, so listen. Old Dennis knew his days were numbered when he was here. He was trying to get Terry settled. He wanted him to marry you, but Terry didn't quite see it. The old man wouldn't make him—directly—but he left you the money, and cut Terry off without a cent. If you think it over, you'll find it makes sense."

MY MIND was still reeling crazily when I received my second letter from Terry. It was addressed in care of the school and mailed from a small town in Virginia. "Come here to me, darling," he wrote, "I'm sick, and need you. But keep it dark until we have a chance to get things straightened out."

Even if he had not cautioned me to keep it dark I would not have shown Dr. Kane the letter. This was between Terry and me. I merely left a message with the dean explaining that I had to think things out alone, and not to worry about me. Then I took the first train to the address Terry had given.

I found him in bed in a small mountain cabin, evidently burning with fever.

"I haven't seen a soul for weeks," Terry cried out, "but I've had a chance to think it all out, and I know now that I can't live without you! No matter how much hell the old man kicks up, I'd rather starve than let you go. I'm going to marry you today, and tell him afterward. I've been a coward long enough."

Something in my heart rose and sung, and then lay still. Terry didn't know, then, that his father had died, or that he had left me fifty thousand dollars, and his own son penniless. He loved me enough to marry me, even though he thought it would mean loss of his inheritance.

"Terry," I choked, and buried my face beside his on the pillow. "Didn't you talk with your father before you went away?"

"Just long enough to realize he knew about you, then I was yellow and beat it."

And now I had a problem, indeed. If I told Terry of his father's death, and he found that he was left without a cent, and I had money, wouldn't his fierce young pride drive him away? If he was fine enough to marry me—not knowing—wouldn't he be too fine to stand for what now seemed to me a horrible injustice?

He took me in his arms. "You do love me enough to marry me," he cried out, "and take a chance on starving? I wouldn't want you to go back to that damned school."

"We'll be married to-day, Terry," I said in a low tone, "if you're well enough to get up."

"I can fight the world now," he cried, and sprang from bed.

I left him while he dressed and went outside to look out over the mountains, and to pull myself together. Why couldn't I be more gloriously happy? Why wasn't my heart glad? Terry had proved himself.

Terry's wife! Held close in his arms through that first night, I sensed some new turmoil and withdrawal in his own soul, and knowing that in the morning I must face him with the truth. We had been married quietly by a justice of the peace, and had gone back to the mountain cabin.

Did I imagine it, or was he looking at me anxiously, almost furtively, all the next morning, as if waiting for me to speak. After breakfast, when we were settled down before the logs of the fireplace, I buried my head against his knee and pressed his hand to my cheek.

"Terry, you've been a darling ever since I've known you. Loving you, being with you, has been sweet." And then I tried to tell him as briefly and simply as I could. "It wasn't quite fair, darling," I ended. "And, realizing that, I'm going to put the fifty thousand in a joint account. You can draw on it, of course, whenever you wish. It isn't, and never could be, in spite of a hundred wills, really mine!"

He jumped to his feet then, his face dead white. "Claire, don't talk about it—I can't—Will you leave me, just a little while? I've got to think—alone."

I went outside and waited. What were his thoughts? Were they bitter against me, and against his father? When he called me back his face was set and older.

"I'd rather never speak of it again, Claire," he said in a low, tense tone. "You've done what you thought was best. And you're right about the money. Most of it was left by my mother. She intended me to have it. What my father did was—pure spite. So, if I see more fairness than generosity in your offer to turn the money over to me, I know you'll understand."

A few days later after the will was read and things straightened out, he took the bank book and papers from me in silence, and put them in his pocket.

"I want to go back for a while to my old home in Carolina," he said, "and you probably will have things to settle here. Come to me later, Claire, when I send for you."

Why, then, did my spirit lift and my heart open the flood gates? I was to go back to the school, to my violin and to—Dr. Kane.

IT WASN'T until I reached the school again that I realized just what I had done. Up to that moment I had been as a girl in a story book, unfolding before my own amazed eyes, the unreal pages. Then suddenly I became Claire Brent again, who once had belonged only to herself, but who now, by some strange twist of circumstances, was Terry Burke's wife.

Terry Burke's wife, who never would have a right again to love any other man. I came slowly into the big front hall and walked to the door of the doctor's office. He sprang to his feet as I entered and slammed the telephone receiver back on its hook.

"I was just trying to get hold of you," he said. "Burke sent for you, didn't he," the doctor stormed, "and asked you to marry him, pretending not to know that his father was dead?"

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I nodded.
"And that is exactly what I knew he'd do. But I intended to go with you, if you insisted upon meeting him. You didn't, oh, Claire, tell me quickly, you didn't—marry him?"
"Why not?" I flung back, "That's the way you and your gods had it fixed, wasn't it?"
"No, no, not after I realized. Oh, Claire, darling, come here to me."
"It isn't 'Claire Darling' any more," I flung back. "It's Terry Burke's wife, and I'm expecting to be—just that—all the way through."
He made no direct answer but his eyes met mine in that flaming intensity of reproach which once before had seared its way into my soul.

"One thing more, Claire," he said, "and then we'll leave it for the present. Did you make over to him any of the fifty thousand dollars?"
"I put it in a joint account, of course. There's no way I could think of it as wholly mine."

He laughed. "If you put that money in a joint account, that will simplify things and speed them up a lot. It wouldn't do any good to tell you. And now, what are your plans?"

"That's what I came back to talk about. I can't keep on at the school, of course, and I want to know about the Foundation scholarship. Just what does that mean?"

"Dennis Burke went me one better in his philanthropy," he grinned. "The scholarship means that you can have your training and enough to live on comfortably without the little evening assignments that we hand out here."

"Then there is no place for me here any longer," I said in a low, tense voice, "no need for me to stay?"

"There's a place and a need for you always, Claire, even though I've seemed to make such a good job of losing you. No use pretending. You know what your heart is saying."

Yes, I knew too well, although I would not let myself listen to its song.

"Keep your apartment here, Claire."
"But I have all that money," I reminded him.

"Have you?" he asked, and his eyebrows lifted.

"And," I added, "I shall be joining Terry in North Carolina, as soon as he sends for me."

"Then I think we can still count on keeping you a while longer," he ended cryptically, and moved with me toward the door. "Anyhow, don't go away from us until you get things settled."

I was hungry to get back to my violin. I had not really played since that night on the stage. I always could play out a mood, bring myself back to the color and the thrill of living. I loved the great, shadowy music room upstairs. It was almost dark as I came inside. The dusk of twilight gleamed faintly through the

curtained windows. I did not turn on the light, but picked up my violin and commenced to play. I didn't know just how long I stood there. I needed no notes, for the music came swelling from my own troubled heart.

But presently I was dimly aware that other strains, faint at first, were mingling with my own. Music, pulsing in unison as from one soul, blending, harmonizing, swelling into a final chord of sheer ecstasy. My own bow lifted and remained poised as I listened. That mellow, haunting melody, his song and mine, drawing the strength from my body, turning my blood to fire.

"SCOTT KANE!" I whispered through the darkness, then my violin fell from my hands, and I was in his arms. "Oh, I have wanted so much to be here," I sobbed. "Why did you let me go? And now, I never can come back again—"

"You are back!" he cried out fiercely, "and you're mine. I'm waiting, that's all, but wanting you with every breath."

"There's nothing to wait for now," I choked. "This is all there can ever be, for I'm not going to let Terry down."

"If I thought that this really was all there ever would be," he said close against my ear, "I'd never let you out of my arms until you were—mine."

He lifted me in the darkness and carried me to the wide, cushioned window seat. I closed my eyes, shutting out even the shadowy profile of his face. I wanted not to think, somehow to leave it all to him, to be able to tell myself afterward, that I had only dreamed—

"I love you," I whispered, "I've always loved you, even when I hated you most."

"Of course, dear heart, and that's why your little soul shriveled and seemed to die, and your heart wanted to stop beating and why you couldn't be glad at all that you were Terry's wife."

"You knew?" I breathed.

"I've wanted you so terribly," he went on, "fought against taking you so many times, and now it's only because I know that you love me, and will soon be all my own, that I can fight just this once more, and let you go. So I shall take you back to the door, my darling, and kiss you goodnight."

He had lifted me as he spoke and was putting me gently on my feet outside the door. I stumbled down the stairs and

across the court to my own apartment. I undressed and flung myself down on the bed. Life was so terribly tangled now and I couldn't even try to think it through. The love that once might have been a glory in my soul now lay heavily as a guilty, torturing fear. I was Terry's wife, he had married me in faith, and I was wanting with every breath to be held in another man's arms.

A few months ago I couldn't have believed that the possession of fifty thousand dollars would leave me

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U	S	M	I	N	C	E	N	T			A		
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E	D	J	A	N	E	D	E	L	D	O	N		
Y	O	U	N	G	R	E	V	O	L	V	I	N	G

merely groping to know what to do with it.

But next morning I was faced with the fact that I now must use some of it if I no longer was to draw from the school fund, but at the bank I was told that the entire amount had been withdrawn. I remembered then the bank book, together with my signature giving Terry the joint account. And he evidently had drawn it—all.

Terry did not send for me. He had taken the money—and gone. It was only for this he had married me—

"Yet," my heart defended him, "how could that be, for he had not known. He had loved me enough to marry me before he even knew his father was dead. It is only pride and bitterness that has driven him from me now."

But all this did leave me without money again unless I went to live in the bleak, hospital-like rooms of the Burke Foundation.

Fine enough, of course, if I had not first known the quickening fire of excitement, the soaring lift of spirit here in the Academy.

Scott had not told me again in words that he knew of Terry's disappearance, or that Terry had taken the money, but we both realized that this was just what he had expected. In all the ways he could he tried to make me forget.

"You remember what you told me once," he reminded me, "that I could do for others what I would not do for myself? All right, then, let's pretend. You be the neglected young wife longing for romance, and I'll be the gay young bachelor searching for thrills. Tonight we'll dress up and go places."

ONCE more I could feel the thrill of the unknown as I dressed. I chose the loveliest of all my dresses, one I had not worn before, a burnished glory of a gown, fashioned to inflame a woman's spirit. I would have to be gay, wearing that.

Scott, too, was sleek and very handsome in his tuxedo and silk hat. I loved walking beside him to the street and into the taxi. His spell was on me again as we drove through the early evening traffic and uptown toward Park Avenue. It was into one of those ultra-modern white stone apartment buildings that he took me, and this I knew instinctively was not one of the regular houses.

We went up in the elevator to the roof and then I found myself walking in a dream. A garden had been transplanted there, glassed in beneath the stars. There was nothing between us and the sky except that broad, smooth expanse of heavy glass. There were flowers of rare bloom in the garden, a fountain and the trill of bird-song. Hidden somewhere an orchestra was playing. And it was playing to me—to us.

Scott swept me into his arms and I had a sense of coming home after a long hard journey. This was where I belonged . . . here in Scott's arms. Last night and Terry seemed a long way off . . . unreal.

Scott led me through the roof garden to a room beyond. It could have been only a woman's room. He opened the closets to show me the beautiful things that hung there, pointed out the silver topped jars and bottles on the dressing table and the lace canopied bed.

He showed me a sunken bath, lined with mirrors, and beyond another room—a room beyond dreams to describe, filled

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"Your method really you say it is and more. I am delighted with the way you have filled out my figure. Friends have noticed the big improvement and I won't be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit this summer, thanks to you."

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with color and glow and sheer beauty of design.

I turned to him quickly. "This is yours?" I breathed.

"No, darling it is *ours*. Didn't you know the moment you entered that you had come home? I've been months making it perfect for you. It is where we shall live—together. Every lovely inch of it was planned with a thought of you. No, don't talk—don't think—" He was pouring amber wine into tall crystal glasses and looked at me with his dark, glowing eyes over the sparkling brim. "To love, my darling," he whispered, and touched his glass to mine.

I drank the toast, trembling with the delight of unreality. Then back to the garden again, held in his arms under the stars.

"I love you," he whispered over and over, "I'll always love you, and to the last lovely corner of your little soul, you belong to me."

All of life rising to enfold me, heart and soul, reaching out for that chord of deepest harmony that must make love completely whole. The darkness, the music and the breathless beauty of our love.

Hours later Scott closed my eyes with his kisses. "I'm leaving now," he whispered, "but you are staying here. Just rest until I come for you tomorrow."

It was full daylight when Scott returned. I was ready then and waiting.

"And now for a bad hour or two," he began. "There's a woman you have to see."

An hour later, wholly unaware of what I was to face, I stood looking at a small, blonde haired girl who raised her shrill voice in quick insolence.

"I've come to tell you a few things you ought to know," she burst out. "I'm not going to stand for getting double-crossed without doing something about it. You thought Terry Burke married you because he loved you. Well, don't kid yourself. I worked in his father's office, and I tipped him off when the old man passed on and left that will. I knew he was up in his Virginia hide-out and I wired him the truth. He sent for you as soon as

he knew about the fifty thousand, that's all."

"Terry knew!" I gasped—"before—"

"Sure, he knew. If he had wanted to marry you so bad, why do you think he lit out? His old man told him he'd got to marry you, after living with you like that. I heard him right there in the office. Old Burke said you were a great girl, but Terry said he was fed up, and then he beat it."

"Why are you telling me now?" I said.

"Because I'm not going to let him get away with double-crossing me. I expected him to use me right, and at least split up the money. But as soon as he got hold of it he skipped out again."

"Terry—divorced in Mexico—then I'm not his wife any more?" My voice rose in a fierce exultation.

"You mean you're glad," she cried, "a girl in this joint glad—not to be Terry Burke's wife!"

It was then that Scott flung open the door and motioned me outside. "That's all, Claire," he said in a low tone. "I'd

have spared you if I could, but you had to hear it in her own words to believe."

I ran upstairs to the music room and buried my head on the case of my violin.

I was not Terry's wife—there had been no fine sensitive heart in him to break. I was free to live—and to love.

And then as I heard Scott's quick step outside the door I lifted my violin and commenced to play. On the up-lifted wings of my released spirit a glad new song poured forth, and hearing it, his eyes sprang to meet mine in a long, flaming look of understanding.

"Time out for a wedding," he cried, "and then back to work, and the launching of the greatest little violinist in the world."

The big brown stone building still stands there, and the work of the Kane Academy of Fine Arts goes on, but Scott himself is no longer its direct guiding spirit. He claims that there is so much he doesn't know about the art of loving that it's going to take him all the rest of his life to learn. And I, gloriously glad, am to be his only teacher . . . his wife.

Screen Stars Tell - - -

WHAT MEN DISLIKE



Ann Dvorak

WANT to be "top" in some man's date book? Then read what the screen stars have learned about the dislikes of men.

"I have yet to meet a man who isn't annoyed by the girl who is constantly dropping something," says Glenda Farrell. "Some girls think it's cute to have a man groveling at their feet to retrieve something they've dropped, but it is a poor way to get attention and *men don't like it.*"

Ann Dvorak puts baby talk at the top of her list of things men dislike. "And don't do too much checking up on his whereabouts. Men dislike feeling that the women they love doubt them. And they certainly resent being given the third degree."

Maureen O'Sullivan agrees with Ann about this. She says, "If the man who is making your heart turn somersaults breaks a date with you because of a business engagement, don't make a fuss about it. A man's career is usually more important to him than a girl. If you foolishly make an enemy out of his career you will lose out with him."



Maureen O'Sullivan

"One of the first things a man notices about a girl's appearance is the texture of her skin—whether it's smooth and clear," says Virginia Bruce. "That's why personal cleanliness and immaculateness are important. In fact, I think that shining, radiant cleanliness, that fresh-as-a-daisy look will attract practically every man."

"There's something about the male ego which enjoys the idea of having the one and only girl listen to his opinions," adds Jeanette MacDonald.

She Wants My Man

[Continued from page 10]

to let them take him to a hospital. My husband! My Jack—and all the time it seemed I could not move. The nurses and doctors came and went, but all I could do was pray that he would live.

"All of this was weeks ago. After my husband was able to be about I was too happy and glad inside to worry, but just the other day Betty Jane's letter came. She is demanding that I give him up to her. She says that Jack loves her, that she loves him, and that if I love them I will leave them alone to their happiness. 'If you were not blind' she says in her letter, 'you would know that Jack loves me, and that it was for me—not you—that he fought back to life.' So I am coming to you with Jack's writing, and some of Betty Jane's and my own. Must I give up the man I love?"

Three handwritings—and so three pictures of motives, hearts and souls. When Katherine wrote this letter and sent the three different writings she gave the answer to her problem. Here it is, just as I have found it in these pen-strokes.

Your sister, Katherine, was spoiled as a child. You think of her as Betty Jane, your sister, but this writing shows that she is jealous, selfish, and ready to do almost anything to win her own way.

After I found these truths I studied Jack's writing and discovered something that you should know at once. Jack loved you. He asked you to be his wife as sincerely as any man ever has, but during the last few months he has been strangely puzzled, and for a very good reason. He has been led to think that you do not love him, and he cannot understand it.

Go directly to Jack. Show him Betty Jane's letter, and you will find that he has a story to tell you.

I say this because Jack will tell you that Betty Jane has told him you no longer love him; that you have regretted the mistake you made in marrying him, and he will be very angry. Help him to forget this anger, for no matter what wrong Betty Jane has done she has hurt herself the worst. Forget about it. You are naturally suited for life companions, and this experience should make you closer to one another.

WHAT about Betty Jane? The answer is simple. Forgive her, and if you wish, send her a copy of this answer, showing how her thoughts and habits are revealed in her handwriting. When she realizes that even her handwriting reveals her habits, she will face about and earn the love of some man—and when she does this she will try to prove worthy of such love.

This is the solution I get from the handwriting of these three people. It will set them on the road to happiness, just as your own writing and what it tells may help you, no matter where you live or what difficulty you may be facing.

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Why We Parted

[Continued from page 37]

of disaster. But the day came at last. The Post was decked out in gala attire, every corner and every piece of equipment shining and ready.

I had driven over alone. Frank had no time for me today, and I made no effort to find him. I knew the numbers of the events he was to be in, and I found room in the reserved section in the tower to watch them.

His exhibitions went off well. All of his men were perfectly drilled, and the maneuvers slid into one another with a spectacular and beautiful precision.

And now, I thought with relief, in a few minutes it would be over. Only the finale remained. Then an orderly put a note into my hand. Vic wanted me to come to the hangar his ship was kept in. I slipped down the stairs and through the throng. A guard saluted, made a way for me through the ropes.

"You wanted me, Vic?"

He smiled and I saw, with swift anxiety, how thin and tired he was, how haggard his burned face, how deep the lines about his eyes and mouth. "Just wanted to see you before I take off. Just to wish me luck."

"I've been staying away—I'd have come without you sending for me if I hadn't been afraid of bothering you." I smiled up at him.

"You never bother me . . . darling."

"Worried about this flight, Vic?" His eyes never left my face. Desperately intent, as if trying to etch my features so deeply in his mind that the memory would never fade.

"No. Not worried. Darling," he murmured. "If anything happens today—if I crash—remember that your love brought me the greatest happiness in the world. It was worth the price."

I met his eyes, surrendering myself

utterly to his look, giving him all of me to have and to hold, forever. "I'll be watching you every foot of the way today, and my heart will be riding with you. I love you." I said steadily, driven by something beyond my comprehension to reassure him, send him into the skies serene in faith of my love.

We were out of sight of the men in the hangar for the moment and no one was watching. Without a word he took me in his arms, folded me close. I could feel the heavy, slow thud of his heart through the khaki jumper. His sun-burned head bent to me, his lips came down to mine in a deep, solemn kiss. "Oh, my God, I love her so" he whispered. Then his head came up, and he smiled at me unsteadily, his brown fingers shaking against my cheek.

"That's something they can't ever take away from me. I'm going to pretend that you're my wife, just for this flight . . . Wherever I am, I'll be loving you, Fay. Goodby, my darling."

"Happy landings, lover," I said, smiling through tears. He bent again, and kissed me, swiftly. Then he turned away, and was gone.

BACK in the tower again, I put my binoculars to my eyes. Frank and Ben, having participated in the last event, had landed a short time back, and their ships, now freshly fueled, were on the line to right and left of Vic's ship which was to lead this flight. My glasses swung briefly toward Frank and Ben. Frank, darkly burned and boyish, turned in the cockpit as I watched to grin and wave at someone on the side-line—who, I could not see.

My glasses swung back to Vic. He was in the cockpit now, his eyes narrowed against the propeller blast, for his

WHAT IS YOUR CHARM AND TASTE RATING?



Five things are wrong in the picture above from the standpoint of etiquette and good taste. Do you know what they are? Turn to page 74 and check with the answers given, rating yourself twenty per cent for each correct guess.

goggles were not down yet. His helmeted head turned to look right and left behind him, and Frank and Ben signalled ready. Then Vic's head turned toward the stand. He gazed steadily toward what must have been only the white blur of my frock. Through the glasses I could see his lips move: "Goodby, my wife," they said clearly.

Dimly I saw his mouth tighten as he pulled his goggles down over his eyes. A flag dropped down the field, the whirl of his propeller quickened. The wings of the wicked little ship waddled awkwardly, the tail lifted sharply as Frank and Ben got into motion behind him, and then almost instantly, it seemed, all three ships were in the air.

My heart was thudding sickly. Why should I be afraid? Three cross-shapes against the brilliant sky, three trained, skillful men at the controls.

The air was full of ships. Everything was quickening now, for the finale.

And now the sky over the field was clear. Out in the center was a white circle, a target for Vic's flight to attack.

Closer—closer. They had attained terminal velocity, their propellers were acting as brakes now. Nearly four hundred miles an hour—it was sickening and yet madly thrilling.

I had kept my glasses on Vic. He was looking over the side of the cockpit, his hands out of sight. And suddenly a scream rose in my throat. Something fateful, something terrible—what was it?

Like a meteor, he flashed on and down. It was over, in the space of seconds, but there seemed to me a hideous deliberation about it all. In the very center of the white circle, his ship stood on her haughty nose for an endless second, boring deeper and deeper into the earth, the wings and fuselage slowly crumbling, as if a gigantic hand were crushing a child's toy down on a table. The shock and thud of the impact seemed to shake the world, followed by a hideous instant of seeming stillness, though the other motors roared on unheeded. The rending crash of the splintering ship registered for an instant, before it was drowned out at last by the shocked shrill screaming of hysterical women, the deep cursing of men, the staccato roar of a motorcycle, the rising wail of the ambulance siren.

HOURS later I parked my car before the curb of Frank's and my house and went inside. Frank was already there, and he came out of the living room door when he heard me at the entrance.

"Where in the world have you been, Fay?" he asked anxiously. "I've been worried about you."

"Where?" I stared at him dully. "I— I don't know."

"You know about—Vic?" he said painfully, after a moment.

I nodded. "I... saw... him... crash," I dragged stonily.

Before he could speak, the maid came in with a long narrow package in her hands. "Major Hatton sent this for you, ma'am," she said civilly, eyeing me curiously. I took it, and she went out.

"Oh, Vic, Vic!" my heart wailed sickly. But I locked my teeth.

I opened the package swiftly, with trembling fingers. And inside—

It was Vic's lovely silver goddess.

I cried out sharply, in unbearable pain, my hand over my mouth. He had sent it to me before going up today. He had not intended to come back!

Frank said curiously, from far away, "What is it, Fay? Oh, Vic's figurine..." I was reading the note.

"I have a feeling my number's up today, darling. If that should prove true, I think I'm not sorry. If I can't ever have you, my silver lady isn't enough. Carry on, sweetheart, and may God's blessing make your way easy. I can't ask you to forget me—one doesn't forget the kind of love we've known—but you must not grieve for me. I'll always be closer to you than breathing. And wherever I am, I'll be loving you. Forever and forever.

VIC."

Frank said, "He loved you, Fay?"

I looked up at him. He had not moved, standing in a stricken rigid stillness, his eyes glued to my face.

Pride suffused me. "Yes. Yes. He loved me!"

Frank's face whitened slowly. "Is—that—all?"

I knew what he meant. Vic's honor, Frank's happiness, my future life with Frank all trembled in the balance. For the sake of the man who had died that I might go on with Frank. Frank must never know.

I met his eyes steadily. "That's—all."

He drew a deep, ragged breath that was almost a sob. "And where," he said painfully, "does that leave—us?"

"Exactly where we were, Frank," I told him steadily. "Even while loving him, I never stopped loving you."

Frank's lips twisted. "You expect me to believe that?"

"You must believe it, dear. Vic knew and understood. You must, too."

Frank still stood rigid. "Oh, help me, Frank!" I cried out. "You've never failed me before. Don't fail me now."

I was sobbing bitterly, open-eyed, as a child cries. And I saw Frank's face convulse with rage, fear, jealousy, hatred. Then it smoothed out, grew older as I watched. The boy-Frank died in that moment, and the man-Frank was born. He relaxed, came over to me, took me gently into his arms.

"There, darling. It's all right. I'm here, and I love you. I'll help you all I can."

WE ARE at a new Post now, and year-old green grows on Vic's resting place. Frank has never mentioned Vic's name to me, and it has never passed my lips.

And still, through all the peaceful, gay round of our lives, our love and happiness, I have not gone scot-free. Vic paid for that hour of madness with his life. Not even Frank escaped. For sometimes I see him watching me, with a still, hungry look in his eyes that I can only name as jealousy. He wants all of me, and I must forever withhold that part of me that was all Vic's own.

And sometimes in the long dark nights, while Frank sleeps quietly beside me, I feel Vic's kisses on my lips, his lean brown hand on my shoulder. My whole being cries out fiercely for sight of him, sound of his deep voice saying my name, his big arms holding me close.

And then I see him as I saw him last. I hear his voice again. "It was worth it, darling. Wherever I am, I'll be loving you. Forever and forever."

And I smile proudly into the darkness. I can carry on—carry on with his memory.

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As a Woman Chooses

[Continued from page 41]

newspapers. At least I didn't interfere with Neil's career.

It was after that that I resigned. I might just as well, I thought.

Paul clasped me jubilantly in his arms when I told him.

"At last I'm supporting you, honey," he exulted. "Now I feel as if we were really married."

I looked at the clock. It was ten. In about four hours he would be leaving me in order to reach his home without arousing Dora's suspicions.

"It's a sort of imitation marriage," I said rather dryly.

But to celebrate my resignation, we informed the hotel authorities that I had been married, and Paul and I registered together as Mr. and Mrs. Lynn.

I was sitting in the apartment, reading, one afternoon, when there was a tap at my door. I opened it to admit a woman. As I stood, waiting for her to explain her presence, she smiled, a smile that might have been termed insolent.

"My name is Ida Ellis," she said. I had known her voice would be low and throaty. "I live across the hall and I belong to the group of women in this hotel whose husbands (with what bitterness she said 'husbands') leave in the wee hours of the morning. I thought you perhaps might like someone to talk to. If you don't, I'll go."

"Come in," I said. That's how I made friends with Ida (I never knew her real surname and she never knew mine). Ida of the insolent much-made-up mouth and the tragic brown eyes, who lavished a wealth of love on Jim Smith, the tall, clerical looking traveling man who paid her rent and occasionally came down to see her.

Through her I met the rest of the crowd that Paul and I ran with for those two years. There were Mavis and Harry—both writers who didn't believe in marriage. But sometimes when Harry's eyes strayed toward someone else a look in Mavis' face might lead one to suspect that perhaps she did believe in it, a little. There were Jean and Kenneth—we knew even less about them than about the others except that Jean once cried for a whole day over the report of a society wedding which she happened to find in a newspaper on my desk.

Their light chatter—their tendency to laugh at life instead of cry at it—intrigued me. I wanted to be one of them, and I entered enthusiastically into their parties, dragging Paul with me.

HEADY with wine and with our love for each other, several months passed like one long ecstasy. Paul was darling. He never forgot little attentions and little deferences that go to make up a girl's happiness. That's why, I suppose, his first intimation that everything wasn't quite as it might be hurt me so. I can't ever forget it.

It was a party that caused it, indirectly. Parties do. This was one that Ida was throwing in honor of one of Jim's infrequent visits.

I decided to wait and have dinner with Paul. I waited. Eight o'clock came—nine—ten—but Paul did not. Ida telephoned twice to know if I were coming, and when I said that Paul was lying down with a headache and didn't know whether he'd be able to make it, her understanding little condolence made me furious. At ten-thirty Ida sent me one sandwich and three cocktails with a bell-boy. Indisposed gentlemen were not unheard of in that crowd.

Worry kept me awake all night. I could not telephone his home—I could not inquire anywhere—all I could do was wait. Visions of collisions, of holdups, and once or twice, of vamy stenographers chased through my mind intermittently all night.

Paul put in a debonaire appearance early the next evening. He was apologetic and contrite.

"Dora planned a surprise dinner for me last night, honey—it was my birthday. And in a de-

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she advised curtly. "They don't have to know anything—they need only suspect—to hurt you like the devil. If you were living at home and keeping up appearances, it would be different."

"You're too bitter," I said resentfully, and telephoned Jenny at the office. The affected sweetness of her voice that had often made me long to throw things at her in the old days brought a pang of homesickness, as it came to my ears for the first time in months.

"Lee—deahr! No, I'm so sorry. I'm having a charity bridge tonight—it's too bad you never cared for bridge; you might have made a fourth at one of the tables. Inez Blane can't come."

"I've developed a positive mania for bridge," I lied. "Do you really want me to come?"

"Why—why, of course, Lee. What a foolish question!"

So that night found me, rather self-consciously greeting the girls, as I laid off my wraps in Jenny's big bedroom. Somehow, I noticed a tenseness in the atmosphere, a hostile curiosity in the glances directed toward me.

Jenny was standing near a bridge table talking to some of the girls, when I entered the living-room. I saw her quick motion for silence and my face burned. I knew they had been discussing me and my affair with Paul.

We played cards and I was beginning to think I had been imagining things, when lunch was served. It was then that I knew they no longer considered me one of them. A conversation about people I couldn't possibly know was started with the obvious intention of excluding me so that I would feel excluded. Once Jenny came over and addressed a few words to me with a consciously beneficent air. Her face wore the same expression it used to wear when she was eating spinach—conscious, unrewarded virtue.

Never did I want Paul so desperately as I did after that bridge. I suppose no woman ever wants any man so desperately as when she craves a big brawny shoulder to weep on.

He came in early the next evening. He stopped short at sight of my woe-begone face.

"Honey! What's the matter?"

"Paul, I'm afraid there's a lot of ugly gossip about us."

He blanched slightly, then asked in a quiet low tone:

"Dora?"

"No, no one you know. My old gang of girls."

His arm went around me with a sort of casual sympathy.

"I'm sorry, darling. But they never did mean much to you, did they? There's bound to be a certain amount of talk—we took that into consideration, didn't we? Don't feel badly, honey—oh, say, Lee!"

His last words were fraught with a new excitement.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"Do you know what I made the Old Town Golf Course in this afternoon—73, Lee, *seventy-three*. Seven below par! Honey, that's *golf*!"

I withdrew from his arms and eyed him in hurt astonishment and indignation. So! As long as his wife didn't suspect, my friends might think what they liked. As I cudged my brain for something venomous to say I happened to notice the expression in his eyes.

There was nothing of callousness or indifference there—there was only the

enthusiasm that a nine-year-old might feel over a home run for the school team.

With that bitter-sweet feeling in my heart that every woman has when she realizes that her strong manly lover is in reality a child she must mother, I went to Paul, put my arms around him, and looking up as admiringly as if I had the faintest idea what he was talking about, said sweetly,

"Darling—I think that's just *wonderful*. Did anyone get a higher score?"

With amused tolerance for my stupidity, Paul started to tell me what it was all about. As I listened to a complicated tale of exploits with mashies and brassies I reflected that at no moment had I felt more truly his wife. It was that night that the thought came to me—how sweet to have a baby—a boy with eyes like Paul's who would also unveil mysteries of masculine enterprise, and cuddle in my arms later. It was a sweet thought—but a forbidden one. I tried not to think of it again.

It was shortly after that that I noticed a change in Paul—a vague restlessness that I could not fathom. He appeared at the apartment with more than his customary regularity, but he was moody and distraught.

The thought that he was beginning to lose interest sent cold darts of fear through me. Anything but that.

The climax came one evening after dinner. Paul was not spending the evening—he was due at home at nine. He picked up a book and settled himself in the easy chair for a few minutes' reading. I took the footstool beside the chair, and put my head on his knee, where it rested, quite unheeded. When the court chimes rang out eight times, he rose, glanced at his wrist watch in an apparent attempt to verify the courthouse, and went into the closet for his hat. I sat there watching him, and the longing for some sign of affection seemed to tear me. He put on his topcoat, adjusted his cravat carefully, then walked over to the footstool where I sat in silence, knelt beside me, and lightly kissed me.

I applied my lipstick before I said anything. Then, I said quietly, "Never kiss me like that again, Paul."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"Casually—dutifully—as if you had to. A wife can bear a kiss like that occasionally—she knows the man loves her because he married her. She has children to hold him with. A kiss like that makes me feel—like a bad woman!"

"Darling!"

He had me in his arms—they were holding me with the old passion—and his voice from somewhere at my throat, was husky with emotion.

"Darling, darling. It isn't that I don't love you—I do. It's because I've done something I regret—but it's nothing that ever need affect you, dearest one. Will you forgive me without knowing what it is?"

"Yes, yes! You couldn't do anything that I couldn't forgive, Paul. You should have known that, silly. Oh—you've hurt me so these last few weeks!"

Paul called Dora up from the apartment and told her he was unavoidably detained. Curled comfortably on the davenport, clinging together like lonely children, we passed the greater part of the night. As I lay there in Paul's arms, and felt his hot pulsating lips pass across my face, my throat, pausing in the little hollows to count the pulse beats—I forgot to wonder what he wanted forgiveness for. I loved him so.

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But I was destined to learn; from Dora.

THOUGH I had heard it only on one occasion before, I recognized Dora's voice with a start when it came tinkling over the telephone one afternoon.

"Miss Harton? Mrs. Allen speaking." My gasp must have been audible, because she added with a malicious little giggle:

"Don't worry—I'm not going to throw acid or do anything else injured wives are supposed to do. I just want you to come and see me."

"I'm sorry," I began. "Besides, I don't really know what you mean—"

"Oh, yes you do, my dear. Besides, I insist on seeing you—I want to tell you something I'm sure you'll be interested in knowing. May I expect you—at four tomorrow?"

It was odd, to go to Paul's house—to see rooms for the first time that must be so familiar to him. That comfortable chair looked like his—how many evenings he must have spent in it—evenings in which I had no share. The thought hurt so much that I was glad when Dora's little voice broke into my reverie.

"I suppose this visit is as unpleasant for you as it is for me, Miss Harton," she said. "I just wanted to see you to tell you that unless you give Paul up I'm going to divorce him."

"Paul would welcome divorce proceedings if they came from you," I retorted. "I suppose he would," she agreed, quite calmly. "Men don't appreciate good women anymore. But Paul wouldn't welcome freedom—from his baby!"

"It can't be," I insisted. I was insisting it to myself. "It can't be. I know about you—Paul told me all about you—your coldness and your immaturity, and your inability to respond to his love. Why, he hasn't touched you in years, knowing how you felt. And now you come to me with a story like that. Paul loves me now, and he couldn't love both of us."

"Maybe he thinks he loves you, Miss Harton. But men are only human, as girls like you know only too well. When I heard about this little affair, I did what I thought best to gain back my husband. I used your tactics—I vamped him."

... Dora had Paul . . . I couldn't have him. Dora had Paul and she was going to have his baby, and she was probably the last woman in Washington to have a Maxfield Parrish picture on her wall—no wonder Paul liked to spend his time in our apartment. Dora was going to have a baby . . .

Then I was sitting up on the floor, with my head in her lap, and a deluge of water in my face.

Dora was crying. "I—I thought you were dead. I didn't know you cared so much. But Paul was mine—and I want what's mine. You don't blame me for taking him, do you?"

"No," I said. "I suppose not. If you call me a taxi, Dora—I'll be out of the

apartment when Paul comes tonight. I want him—to have his baby."

IT WAS hard to get back to the daily round of curtains and drapes and ladies who were sure what they didn't want, but rather hazy as to what they did want. It would have been harder, if it hadn't been for Bill.

It was his offer of safety that was my temptation. The lonely evenings were unbearable. And the nights when I awoke to move closer to the warmth and comfort of Paul's body—to find nothing—well, if I sinned, I was punished.

But the natural cravings of one who has known love could not be denied. It was after a party at a night club, at which liquor flowed freely that I let myself relax in Bill's arms, and returned his kisses with a fervor that surprised him.

"Marry me, Lee," he entreated for the third time that evening.

"I can't marry you, Bill," I said. "I'm not a marrying girl, but conventions needn't rule our lives."

There was a sort of amused disillusion in his tone.

"Oh! Another lady playing at love. I'm sorry I was so stupid as to misunderstand. But come along, Lee, dear. If it's wickedness your young heart craves, I'll even engage a Japanese butler to give the place true seduction atmosphere."

It was over a solitary cocktail while Bill was in the bathroom that I remembered Ida's parting words—"They spoil." First it would be Bill—I liked him. Then I would tire of him. Then it would be someone else. . . .

"Take me home, Bill," I asked him when he appeared in his robe.

"Lee, dear, what's the matter? Lee—I love you . . . I'll marry you . . ."

"Won't you take me home, Bill?"

"If you insist. But I can't ever see you again. Lee—you're too much for me—the want of you is too strong . . ."

It was light in the east when I let myself into my room. There was a letter on my table, with a special delivery stamp.

There was a clipping from some newspaper pasted on the letter. It was rather blurred, or maybe it was my eyes—no I couldn't be mistaken. It announced the death of Dora Allen. And underneath, in Paul's big backhand—"She didn't have the courage to go through with it, Lee. The treatment she took from some quack finished her poor little life. And now, Lee, we can start ours."

AN IMITATION can be a good imitation—but there's nothing like the real thing. But I am going to tell Marian when I see her that Paul's and my former alliance was an imitation marriage—I'm sure that will make it sound quite respectable to her. I do expect to see her soon, because although she's never forgiven, she won't be able to resist the invitation I expect to send her—to see her niece—or nephew.

YOUR CHARM AND TASTE RATING

It is not proper for a man to walk sandwiched between two women. He should walk next to the curb. His companion should not cling to his arm.

The tall girl's height is emphasized by her tall hat, high heels and dress with the stripes running up and down.

It is bad manners to point at objects or people. A girl stands at a window combing her hair. No matter how untidy one's hair gets, it should never be combed in a public place.

Cookery Secrets

[Continued from page 44]

for 1 cup of flour. Measure out $\frac{1}{3}$ as much fat as flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ as much cold water as fat. Add salt to flour, cut in fat coarsely, sprinkle on the water—using as little as possible—mix and roll. Dough will not stick to the rolling pin, if a child's white stocking is slipped over it during the pastry rolling process.

SINGLE and double pies both have devotees. New pies are legion. There's deliciously modern ice cream pie, and shimmering gelatin pie, and coconut cream pie. And there are uncooked fruit pies—like strawberry pie—and deep dish pies, and Graham cracker pies! (Recipes for delicious chocolate ice cream pie, Graham cracker pie and many others will be found on the "Best Ever Pies" leaflet.)

We've learned some new tricks, too, about old stand-by pie favorites.

If there's anything in the world better than still warm fresh cherry pie, it's the same pie served à la mode, with the melting cream making an unobtrusive sauce that wraps lovingly about crust and filling alike.

Try this recipe which won first prize at the National Cherry Week contest a year ago:

Fresh Cherry Pie

(Prize Winning Recipe At National Cherry Contest)

- 4 cups pitted fresh cherries
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- 3 tablespoons butter
- Pastry

Mix cherries, sugar, salt and tapioca and let stand 15 or 20 minutes. Line a large pie pan with pastry. Spread bottom of pastry with 1 tablespoon melted butter. Add cherries. Dot with remaining butter. Add top crust, slashed to allow steam to escape. Crimp edges. Fasten a strip of cloth or parchment paper about the edge of the pan to keep excess juice in the pan.

Slip pie into a very hot oven.—(The universal mistake made by pie bakers is using too slow an oven at the start. Double crust pies should go into a roaring hot oven—at least 450 degrees. And stay there for 10 minutes. This sets the crust so that it won't soak. Reduce heat to 350 degrees F. and complete cooking the filling. This will require, for the fresh cherry pie, about 25 to 30 minutes.)

Single pie crusts should go into a still hotter oven—about 500 degrees F.—and remain there for 5 minutes. The heat can then be lowered to 375 F. for the rest of the baking period.

Sunny Silver Ice-Box Pie With Strawberries

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon gelatin
- 4 eggs
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Soak gelatin in cold water. Mix beaten egg yolks, lemon juice, rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in a double boiler. Set in a pan of boiling water and cook and beat until thick and creamy. Remove from fire and fold in gelatin. Cool. When it starts to set, beat egg whites until stiff. Fold remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar into egg whites and then add to gelatin mixture. Spread in a freshly baked pie shell and put in ice-box for 2 hours. Spread whipped cream on top for serving and garnish with sliced fresh strawberries.

APPLÉ PIE has been wedded to cheese for as long as men have been demanding. "A piece-a-pie and a cuppa Java!" But the latest trick is to tuck the cheese right into the pie with the apples. It's a grand idea. And it makes a gorgeous pie!

Apple Cheese Pie

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sieved or grated cheese
- 3 cups thinly sliced tart apples
- 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoonful flour
- 3 tablespoons butter
- Cinnamon, nutmeg or mace to taste
- Pastry for double crust pie

Fill large pie pan with pastry. Spread crust with 1 tablespoon soft butter. Mix apples with flour, sugar, and spice (if you use it). Pile into the pie shell. Sprinkle over this the cheese. Top with another crust, slit to allow steam to escape. Crimp edges. Bake as for cherry pie, except that the apple pie may be left in the oven for 20 minutes after the burner has been turned off, in order to completely cook the apples.

Glazing the apple pie crust with the beaten white of an egg, and sprinkling lightly with sugar, before the pie goes into the oven, is a favorite trick with expert apple pie bakers.

TWENTY PIES FROM ONE RECIPE!

New cooks usually fare better if they use simple recipes which may be varied to make many dishes. The MAGIC CREAM PIE recipe which we've had printed for you on a handy little recipe filing card, is free. From it you may make Chocolate, Coconut Cream, Butterscotch, Banana Cream and a dozen other pies. Write for your copy. Free pie recipes are:

- Magic Cream Pie ... Free
- (With many variations)
- Chocolate Peppermint Cream Pie ... Free
- Lemon Cheese Pie ... Free
- Golden Apricot Jello Pie ... Free

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- Twenty Best Ever Pies ... 5 cents
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- Bridge Refreshments For Summer Hostesses ... 5 cents
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ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE and send your letter to Grace Ellis, ROMANTIC STORIES Foods Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.



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29x4.75-20	2.50	32x6.50-20	3.75
29x5.00-19	2.85		
30x5.00-20	2.95		
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Before the Mirror

[Continued from page 42]

on seeing the manufacturer's trade mark on the supplies used, in order to be sure of getting a genuine wave and a successful one.

One manufacturer packs enough pads for a complete wave in a sealed box, so all you have to do to be sure of getting the wave you asked for is to see that the seals are not broken . . . If you will write to me, sending a stamped return envelope, I'll be glad to send you the name of this system. It produces particularly nice ringlets or end curls, which are so much in vogue this summer, and they remain tightly curled for months instead of straightening out limply after a few weeks . . .

some cases after constant use of the powder the regrowth of hair is retarded. It costs 50 cents a bottle and is sold at most drug and department store toiletry counters. Want the trade name?

While on the subject of personal daintiness, there is the matter of perspiration odor to be discussed—a year 'round annoyance that is accentuated in summer by the increased activity of the sweat glands and by the sheerness of our frocks . . . You may be the most confirmed bath addict in the world, but that is not going to save you from the social error of odorous perspiration, for the effects of a bath last only a few minutes . . . The only sure preventive against offending others in this respect is the regular use of a reliable commercial deodorant. I can recommend a creamy white paste that vanishes the moment it is applied and that can be used at any time, even after you have donned your dress. It gives several hours' protection and never causes any irritation of the sensitive skin in the arm-pit region. Nor does it harm delicate fabrics. This mild yet sure deodorant costs only sixty cents a jar and is widely distributed. The trade name is yours for the asking.

EVEN though your new permanent wave doesn't look like a bird's nest the first couple of weeks, you should still treat it with care, replacing as much as possible of the oil removed by the waving, so that it will continue to look smooth, lustrous and "naturally" wavy. You can do this by applying warm olive oil weekly and then steaming the hair for five minutes with hot, damp towels. Or, better still, you can use a soapsless oil shampoo that provides a combination shampoo-scalp treatment. This preparation is really olive oil chemically treated so that it is soluble in water. That is, unlike pure olive oil, it rinses out of the hair in clear water, obviating the necessity for a lathering with soap. Nevertheless, it retains all the penetrating emollient qualities of untreated olive oil, making it an ideal reconditioner for dry hair and, for normal hair, an ideal preventive against dryness. You can use it briefly, briskly for a quick shampoo or you can give yourself leisurely hot oil treatments with it, following the directions accompanying the bottle. Not only does this preparation improve the health of the hair, but it also discourages dandruff and leaves even the mousiest coiffure looking gleamingly bright. The price is sixty cents a bottle. I'll be happy to send you the trade name if you are interested.

A bit of cosmetic news that should cause you to applaud is this: There's a new indelible lipstick on the market that simply refuses to turn purplish on your lips . . . And what a luscious, rich shade it is! As warmly red as a wild Hibiscus flower and as flattering to blondes as to brunettes or in-betweens. It has a bright sauciness about it that makes you look like a mix and a very desirable mix at that . . . This new shade is the fifth one of five lovely shades of lipstick and harmonizing cream cheek rouge that come in silvery containers with tiny hula girls prancing about on them. They are all very indelible and non-messy looking. The price is one dollar each. If you want to "go native" this summer, try this vivid red lipstick as the instrument of your transformation. Do let me know if you want the name.

And don't forget one hundred strokes of the hairbrush every night before you go to bed! It's a fallacy that brushing ruins a wave, a fallacy that is responsible for many dull, ugly heads of hair that would be beautiful and glossy if only they were treated to a thorough brushing daily. See to it that the brush is sturdily made so that it can be sterilized in boiling water once a week.

Spend a few minutes tonight going over your hair, your nails, creaming and cleansing your face, and see how much better you feel tomorrow—how your work picks up if you are a working girl—how much quicker the household duties are accomplished, if you are a housewife. And watch how *he* responds to your new attractiveness.

"Hats Off Time" is also "Stockings Off Time"—the season for bathing suits and tennis shorts that reveal hair-marred limbs pitilessly . . . There is really no reason why any girl should have to shrink from the thought of wearing these gay play-time outfits simply because she is afflicted with superfluous hair on arms or legs; for there are several excellent chemical depilatories on the market that do a cheap and efficient job of removing hair. One of the most effective I have ever used is a fragrant white powder that you mix with water to form a paste. Spreading this on the objectionable hair, you allow it to remain for a few minutes and then wash it off, removing the hair along with the paste. The smooth, stubble-free surface this depilatory leaves is a joy to the eyes! It is claimed that in

In next month's issue of ROMANTIC STORIES, I am going to tell you some new and delightful aids to personal daintiness, which is sometimes very difficult to achieve during the summer months, but of the utmost importance to every woman in the world, whether she is a home or working girl. These aids have been especially planned for the busy woman of moderate means, who likes to be well-groomed but has little time to spare for the process.

Miss McKay will be glad to help you with any of your beauty problems. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and write her in care of ROMANTIC STORIES, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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My Million Dollar Husband

[Continued from page 24]

entitled to something. After tonight we'll walk the proverbial chalk line. We'll have to—or else."

I've never known how much a kiss could mean—what rapture—what insidious temptation. Long after Gene had driven me back to the club, it thrilled thru my blood like mellow wine, stinging, intoxicating me with its splendor. Terry asked in a maudlin aside, "Where the hell have you been—and the famous saw bones?" So he'd missed me, after all! I shrugged lightly. "Just out for a breath of air. Your parties are always a little too rough for me."

A flush of gratification rose in his face. "Big doings! People will talk about it for weeks—the eats—the music—"

THE following day, I went to a garden party, then got one of the girls to drop me off at Halstead. I'd call a taxi to take me home that evening.

Dot was propped up on the new chaise-longue but her little face looked wan and pinched and the memory of past torment was in her eyes. Gene had told me that she ought to go away, to some warmer climate. It sounded so simple, for the wife of a millionaire. There were tears in my heart as I bent over her.

"Feeling kind of rocky, honey?"

She nodded.

"Mother was up with me most of the night, but I'm better right now. It was grand of you and Terry to send me this lovely chair. Thank him for me."

Was it fate that Gene should drop in to see Dot before I left?

"I'll drive you back to town, Glow," he offered. Gene had a big country place in Halstead, a white-pillared house on an emerald lawn shadowed by maple trees. I knew every room and every corner of it. We'd played together there—studied our lessons—teased and laughed and kissed. When he suggested stopping a moment, it was like coming back to a little bit of home.

"I like a 'lived-in' place," he told me seriously. "It means something, Glow, to know that my mother and father were here before me." He looked at me with a curious little pucker between the eyebrows. "Come here!" he commanded.

I went over and stood on the hearth rug before him, a little pulse thudding noisily in my throat. When he laid his hands on my shoulders, that warm sweet thrill swept over me again. But he didn't speak of love—not then. His words were so tragically unexpectedly that they sent the shocked blood draining slowly from my body.

"Glow, you'll have to send Dot away.

I've gone into her case thoroughly and it's the only chance."

"You mean—of getting better?"

"Of living at all," he answered gruffly. My head went limply down against his breast. I didn't cry. The agony had gone too deep. But I clung to him as a sinner might cling to the cross, praying for salvation.

He tried to soften the blow, to loosen my clutching fingers.

"There's a sanatorium in Europe which would be just the thing for her. Special baths and the doctors there have effected miraculous cures. It's expensive but—" he broke off to ask urgently, "Glow, can you manage it?"

"Yes, yes, I can manage." A rich man's wife! Oh, God! I'd make one last appeal to Terry. When he knew how much it meant to Dot, he wouldn't hesitate. I'd ask him now, tonight.

I was suddenly conscious that Gene had drawn me closer—that his lips were seeking mine, pleading, demanding.

"My little girl!" His low voice was warm with tenderness.

All the sorrow and pent-up longing in my heart rushed out to meet that compassionate whisper. I lifted my face with a smothered cry, while he crushed me tightly in his arms. Love madness! That poignant suffering of mind, the intensity of my fear for Dot, tricked and betrayed me; made me helpless against that other pain—the desperate aching need of Gene's touch upon me.

Afterward, we walked in the garden in the moonlight. As we paused on the rustic bridge to gaze up through the leafy shadows of the tall trees at the moon that was riding down a quiet sky, an inexpressible feeling of sadness crept over me.

As though he knew how I felt, Gene circled me with his arm. "Glow," he whispered, "don't regret this, please! You've always belonged to me. Don't you realize that? It was my fault for not speaking out—not

claiming you. But that's life." He kissed my quivering lips. "I'm taking you back now, darling, and you mustn't be unhappy about anything. There must be some way out of this tangle. I can't—I won't give you up!"

TERRY was in the living-room when I reached home, lounging in a big chair with a decanter at his elbow. I thought as I looked at his reckless, dissipated face. "Thank God, thank God that Terry doesn't want me!"

Yet it was to this man that I must appeal—this man who resented Dot—who refused her even civility when she was beneath his roof. He grumbled



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now. "I suppose you've been chasing off to Halstead again! Did it ever occur to you that you might entertain me?"

"Entertain?" I echoed blankly. "Yes." His tone was sullen. "I've been moping here alone all evening, drinking myself gaga."

Where was Lana? Busy, no doubt. She always strung her victims along.

I took a faltering step toward him.

"Terry, I've something to ask you, something very important. It's about—Dot—"

"Sure. I knew it would be. What the hell, Gloria? Can't you get it thru your head that I didn't marry your whole family?"

I locked my fingers tightly together and took the fatal plunge.

"Terry—she's got to go away—now—just as soon as she can possibly make it."

His mouth twisted in a disagreeable fashion.

"Why tell me?"

"But you don't understand!" My voice rose hysterically. "It isn't just a matter of comfort. If she doesn't go, it means that she's finished, done for."

He set down his glass.

"So you want me to shell out? Well, I won't do it—get that! The market's been rotten lately. Satterfield's yelping for margin as tho I had a gold mine."

"You have plenty of money to spend on liquor," I retorted hotly. I wanted to add—"and on Lana"—but I didn't dare. It would ruin even the slim chance I had of enlisting his aid.

He shrugged.

"Why not? It's my thirst. Nobody else is going to quench it for me. I wish you'd quit harping on what your sister needs. I'm all washed up on it."

"So," I stammered, "you'd let her die?" Somehow, I couldn't quite believe it. His losses in the market hadn't even made a dent in his golden armor. It was just his selfishness, his greedy desire to spend every cent on his own aggrandizement. Maddening to know that by a simple stroke of the pen he could save Dot!

Suddenly I thought, "Terry gives Lana money. Lana's clever. She makes him pay, because he wants her, because she drives him half mad with her eyes and hands and body. He's a big shot when it comes to a mistress."

I went down to Henley's the following day and indulged in a shopping orgy, lingerie, silks and laces, the latest fashions from Paris. Lana ran in later when I was trying on one of the new creations before my mirror. She cried out, "It's a honey, Gloria. I'll take it."

I saw her greedy eyes devouring it and a desire to hurt and shock her, swept over me.

"No," I mocked. "This dress isn't for sale. I bought it to vamp my husband with. That ought to give you something to think about, my dear."

She chose to disregard my meaning. "You mean you're going to wear it yourself?"

A hard little laugh escaped me.

"Is that so surprising? I've gone around dressed like a frump long enough."

She dragged out a cigarette and hung it on her drooping lower lip.

"You've got a different hair-cut, haven't you? Those curls are devilish. They make you look—not quite nice."

"Thanks," I said with an air of nonchalance. "I hoped that they would."

WHEN Terry came home that night, he stared at me in undisguised approval.

"What have you done to yourself, baby? You look damned keen—ready to go places. What say we take in a night club?"

We danced for hours, Terry and I, to jazz-mad music and sensuous rhythm. Terry drank and drank. His pawing hands were clumsy and desirous upon my shrinking body. His breath was hot against my cheek.

"I'm falling in love with you all over again," he murmured once. "Gloria, I've been a fool—running around—"

I'd wanted him to say it, yet my sorry victory left me spent and exhausted. I dared not think of the reckoning, only of Dot, my little sister, Dot, who was going to die unless—unless—

I wore a flaming negligée that night, a thin blazing chiffon which threw a rosy glow against the pallor of my skin. Terry had opened the door between our rooms, the door which had been closed and locked since the advent of Lana. He stood there a moment, rocking on his feet. Then he crossed over and his arms found me. His moist repulsive kisses were everywhere—my lips, my throat, my naked arms. I felt suffocated—drowned—beneath the flood of those unwanted caresses. I couldn't play up—oh, God, I couldn't!

Terry drew me toward the threshold of his room.

"Coming in with me, sugar?" he whispered.

I shut my teeth hard on my quivering underlip.

"Yes," I said unsteadily, "if you'll pay me. I need five thousand dollars."

If I'd struck him across the face, he couldn't have been more astounded.

"Pay you! You're crazy—nuts—clean off your head. You're my wife, aren't you? How do you get that way?"

With a lithe swift motion I pushed him over the threshold. Then I shut the door of my room and locked it, against his drunken protests, his hammering fists. I knew Terry. A thing denied was a thing coveted. A few days more—I left the thought unfinished.

The rest of the week passed like some feverish nightmare, no word from Gene, and every evening the same disgraceful program—dancing, cocktails, a man drunk with his own passion. Once Lana phoned and Terry gave her the run-around. "Some people coming in for contract," he mumbled. She wouldn't believe it but he didn't care. He'd gone beyond that.

Late Friday night he pressed a bit of paper into my palm.

"You win!" he admitted hoarsely.

I lifted the check shakily, while the figures danced and blurred before my eyes. Five thousand dollars! It was life—life which I held there in the hollow of my hand—Dot's life—her health and happiness. In that moment I didn't begrudge the price which I had to pay. What did my own feelings matter—my shrinking—my wild aversion? Yet guessing at Terry's probable reaction, I told him huskily, "I'll cash it first."

His fingers bit into my arm.

"You little devil!" he said on a note of brutal admiration. "You think of everything, don't you?"

I deposited the money to my account next morning. Then I phoned Gene and asked him to make the arrangements for Dot's trip abroad. He suggested eagerly, "Glow, can't I see you just a moment to

talk things over?" But I couldn't have stood the torture.

I tried not to think of Gene as I started for home. The memory of that enchanted hour in his arms was just another thing to be forgotten—to be laid away in bitterness and regret. Crossing the street in the middle of the block, I was recklessly unconscious of traffic and I'd nearly reached the curb when the accident happened—the wild honking of a motor horn—an excited shout, "Hey, there—jay walker—"

I DIDN'T realize that the warning was meant for me until the car struck me, a terrific impact which drove the breath from my body and crumpled me on the pavement like a piece of paper. Yet aside from that first blinding shock, I felt no pain—not until afterward when I woke up in the hospital with a thousand needles of agony running thru my spine.

The doctor didn't mince matters. He explained with professional bluntness, "You might as well face it, young lady. It will probably be a year or so before you can stand on your feet." Yet for a long while it didn't make sense. I couldn't comprehend that by some strange turn of the wheel, I was to take Dot's place, to lie crippled and helpless while she grew straight and sound again.

Gene took over my case because I asked Terry to call him in a wild-eyed Terry, furious with disappointment and frustrated desire.

"Damn it, Gloria!" he muttered, "I believe that you did it on purpose." Yet it wasn't true. I hadn't intentionally reneged. God had simply taken a hand in the game because he understood the rules better than I did.

When Lana breezed in for a call, however, I knew that Terry had returned to his old allegiance. It was there in Lana's manner—her sly mocking glance.

"Tough luck, old dear," she consoled, "but cheer up! A lot can happen in a year."

I thought a bit derisively, "Of course, Terry can get a divorce and marry you." Divorce was in the very air that I breathed, a subtle question which arose whenever my husband's eyes met mine.

Things came to a head shortly afterward. Terry wasn't very successful with the sympathy role. He'd always hated the sight of suffering and he suggested after a few weeks of dutiful bedside calls, "My dear, why can't we settle this thing on a friendly basis? You give me my freedom and keep the five thousand as part alimony. We've never hit it off very well." He made a lofty gesture. "Nobody's fault, I suppose, but there it is."

I said painfully, "I don't want your money, Terry. Only the five thousand on Dot's account—"

He regarded me for a moment in silence.

"I wish that I could figure you out, Gloria. I thought that I was hep to women but you've got me guessing. I suppose you know that you could make me pay, handsomely?"

I put out my hand.

"Yes—I know—"

"You're a good skate, baby." There were actually tears in his voice—tears!

As for Gene, a sweet new hope is flowering in my heart. I'm almost afraid to anticipate, afraid to look happiness in the face. Our lips never meet, our arms never cling, but deep in Gene's eyes there is a promise, that age-old promise of faith and love eternal—"until death do us part." I am more than happy.

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News and gossip about artists of the air.

Lovely Harriet Hilliard, who sings on the Joe Penner program, dances and acts as well, as she vocalizes.

● Dorothy Page has turned her attention to the movies after winning a Paul Whiteman radio audition. She is now in Hollywood, under contract to Universal, and her voice, familiar to millions of radio fans, will probably be heard in the musical production "Sing Me a Love Song."

* * * * *

Almost everybody knows that David Freedman supplied the scripts for those famous old Eddie Cantor radio programs. But, according to a suit which Freedman has just begun in New York courts, Eddie failed to carry out an agreement to pay him ten percent of his radio earnings, which have jumped from \$2000 to \$10,000 a week. Freedman seeks to recover some \$200,000, but Eddie denies that any such contract ever existed between them.

* * * * *

● Have you been wondering what has happened to Babs Ryan on the Fred Waring program, billed as "Babs and her Brothers?" It has finally been revealed that the Ryans were not brother and sister, but husband and wife, and when they separated matrimonially they also withdrew from the Waring show. Babs has been auditioning lately and you'll doubtless hear her on a new hour soon.

* * * * *

A few weeks ago the name of Parkyakaras was known to but a few local radio listeners—and now look at the fame and fortune which has descended upon this Greek dialectician of the Cantor show! He has not only scored a smashing radio success, but Samuel Goldwyn, declaring him to be the greatest comedy find in years, has signed him to appear in the next Cantor musical picture, tentatively titled *Dreamland*. He will be billed, for picture purposes, as Nick Parke. Actually, his name is Harry Einstein and he used to be an advertising man in good old Boston.

● Jerry Cooper, the lad with the Crosby note in his voice, is being angled for by two motion picture producers . . . Frank Munn is plotting a vacation in Bermuda . . . Lanny Ross planning a series of personal appearances . . . The entire cast of the Benny show moves to Hollywood for broadcasts during the making of Jack's new picture.

* * * * *

Myrt and Marge, having wound up their fourth year on the air, are taking a whirl at vaudeville at \$3500 a week. The tale of how Myrtle Vail, Marge's mother in real life, created the program, sold it to Wrigley, and put the team in the top brackets of radio salaries, is one of the most thrilling real life stories that radio can tell.

* * * * *

● Singin' Sam swears that he ain't gonna retire no more. This resolution is the result of the high-powered kidding his associates have subjected him to since his return to the networks he deserted some months ago. A vacation any time he feels like it, is his motto—but no "final farewell appearances."

* * * * *

Scores of fans who have missed Beetle, the offstage heckler, from Phil Baker's programs, have written in wanting to know what has become of Phil's favorite pest—and not a few of them have applied for the job. Beetle, always anonymous, has in fact had a multiple personality, several different actors having played the part at various times.

Chatter

● Radio Street Scene: Phil Spitalny looking very dashing in spats, with boutonniere and stick . . . Jane Froman and husband Don Ross window-shopping on Fifth Avenue . . . Beatrice Lillie in consultation with a peanut vendor . . . Walter Winchell perched at a soda fountain consuming a sundae, and worrying . . . Walter is always worrying . . . Joe Cook walking in a reverie . . . perhaps looking for Four Hawaiians.

* * * * *

Don Bestor, emerging from NBC studios one Sunday evening, was accosted by a pair of personable youths with a request for his autograph.

"We've come a thousand miles to see you and get your autograph!" they excitedly informed him. Touched and pleased by such eagerness, Don got them passes to his Benny broadcast and afterward entertained them at dinner at a mid-town club.

Unhappily, the following Monday night Don was passing the studio and encountered the same youths, telling the same story to Frank Parker. But not with the same results, thanks to Maestro Bestor.

* * * * *

● Burgess Meredith, who has been starring all season in the *Red Davis* show as the young hero, had to be written out of the program a few weeks before its scheduled close to appear in a stage production with Katharine Cornell. But fans who have taken such a liking to this hour, one of the best of current script shows, will be glad to hear that it's coming back next fall.

* * * * *

Leave it to the ladies! While Jimmie Melton was singing in a Midwestern

theatre recently, his wife dropped into his dressing room and discovered—of all things—that it was liberally tenanted by cockroaches! There was a pretty hot time around there for a while, we can tell you, until the manager responded to her frantic calls and got an exterminator on the run. And all the time Jimmie was singing on the stage, unaware of the excitement.

* * * * *

● Certain militant fans are proposing what might be called a "Let Justice Be Done" club. It's all because of the confusion entailed by having one star sing, and another read the lines of certain rôles, such as Mary Lou on *Showboat*. Loyal partisans claim that their favorites don't get a break this way. For instance, Rosaline Greene has spoken the lines of Mary Lou ever since the program started, but there have been several singers who filled the rôle—currently it is Muriel Wilson. Then there is the case of Adele Ronson and Lois Bennett, jointly sharing the leading rôle on *The Gibson Family*. Adele does the acting and Lois the singing. The reaction seems to be that the actress doesn't get her fair share of the credit, the spotlight usually being turned on the singing star.

* * * * *

If you have heard rumors that Joey Nash has got a mad on with Richard Himber, don't regard them too seriously. True, Joey is no longer heard on the Himber program and has served papers on Dick leading to a release from his singing contract, but it's all a matter of business and one on the inside informs us that the orchestra leader and his erstwhile singing star are still good friends. So much for Dame Gossip!



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"I'VE been reading about astrology and I have come to you for help. I must have help, because—well, Madame Helene there must be many who come to you, whose whole happiness depends on what you can tell them—and I'm one of them."

Elsa Monroe threw off her evening wrap, but she refused to sit down.

"Instead of being a nurse or a stenographer I began teaching after I was out of school. There was just my mother and myself until Donald came along. He was good to mother, just as though he was her son. He told me time and again I was his dream girl because I was always cheertul and didn't cry or complain, no matter how badly things went.

"Then we were married. It was then I learned that Donald was given to days of utter discouragement when he seemed to think everything was going wrong. He would look so glum that I tried to cheer him, help him to see that as long as we had each other nothing else mattered.

"It was then we started drifting apart. When I would try to help my husband laugh away his worries he would grow sullen and angry. Oh, Madame Helene, I think I shall go mad if I lose him," Elsa sobbed.

"You did not tell me but your husband was born during the first week in July, wasn't he?" I asked.

My visitor nodded. "That is why I came to you," she said. "My friends tell me you can help me understand this man of mine. You *must* help me, for I would rather die than go on with Don as he gets now—gloomy, and mad, just when I try to help him laugh his cares away."

"Don't laugh." There was nothing else for me to say. "Your husband is super-sensitive. When you laugh at his troubles you are making fun of him, or so he thinks. He feels that he is losing your

love, because after all he is just a little boy grown big. You would not have hurt one of your grade school boys or girls. Instead if anything went wrong you would have encouraged and sympathized. You must do the same with your husband, or he will pull back into his shell and stay there."

"But he used to like my laughing at troubles—"

"Yes, but you were not laughing at his troubles. You were cheering others who were in trouble, but your husband does not think of that now. He feels you are making fun of him, ridiculing his worries.

"Of course you have not thought of this, but it is very true, and many of the wives who come to me—those who are losing their husbands, are doing the same thing. They are stumbling blindly, fighting to hold love but without understanding the true nature of the ones they love.

"This is the reason that astrology helps. You came to me, Elsa," I continued, "because you needed help. You needed, not the love of your husband because you have had that, but the knowledge of how to make his life a part of your own, and your own life a part of his. You needed to understand him, and the stars give this picture."

"THEN I've made a mistake? You mean that I must stop laughing?"

I shook my head. "Not that. But the next time Donald is blue and discouraged find something to laugh about if you wish, but do not laugh *at* his troubles. Do not tell him that they are just fancies. Instead, mother him like you would a small boy—and do this no matter what happens. He is a real man, but he has the heart of a little boy there just the same."

It is five years now since Elsa paid me that visit, and she and Donald are very happy. They have their own little home,



"I think I shall go mad if I lose him," Elsa sobbed. "You must help me."

and Donald has earned some worth while promotions. There is a little Donald, too, whose star sign points to great happiness and success when he becomes a man. This is the reason that the older Donald and Elsa come to see me often. They say I saved their home and have given them the key to happiness.

Tattoo your
lips!



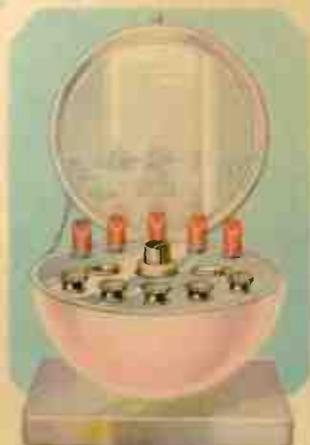
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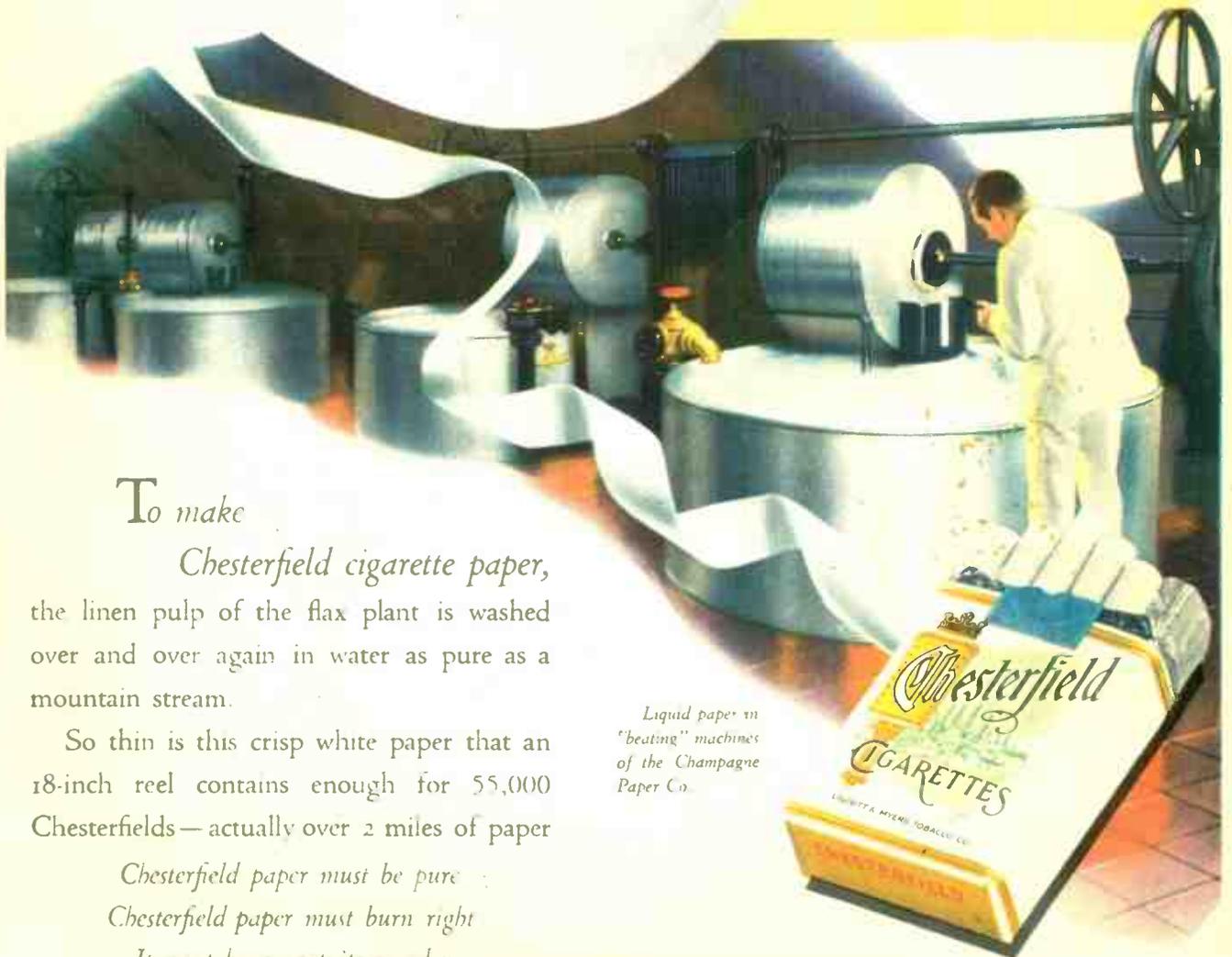


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